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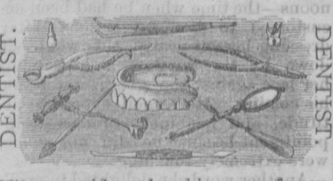
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VOLUME VIII. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1879. NUMBER 16.

POETRY.

Better than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought,
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For man and morals, or Nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close,
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep,
Brings sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate labor deems,
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realms of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires past away;
The world's great drama will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come:
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

STORY TELLER.

WHY I DID NOT GO.

My name is Clarissa Barrington. If I had had the courage to advertise for a situation as housekeeper, nursery governess, or companion a few weeks since, I should have described myself as a "settled woman," meaning one whose expections in this life had settled to the bottom—one who had settled her accounts with happiness, and would go bankrupt for the future. Yet I was only thirty-seven—the age of some young mothers and of happy wives. My time for lovers was when I grew up, a pretty girl, upon my father's farm, in old Virginia. There was one then—if I discouraged him it was only because he seemed to admire me so much that the girls laughed at him. Well, the whole of that was over before the war, and he went to Richmond at the first call for troops from the Governor of Virginia.

During the war my father and mother died, our servants went with the Northern soldiers, our farm was sold for confederate money, and when all was over my brother and I found ourselves, like thousands better born (for we were not entitled to F. F. V. in our family,) homeless and penniless. Our hopes were gone; our home was gone, our independence gone; our household, friends, nay, and our very neighborhood were gone also. We stood like shipwrecked sailors among wreck and ruin. It may be that our sins deserved a judgment. I know the Lord of all the earth does right, and yet it seems hard sometimes that I, who never in my life treated a servant with anything but kindness, should have been so utterly crushed under the judgment, which they say was to punish slavery.

My brother emigrated to Brazil, and did as badly as all others who went there. I went to stay with a distant cousin whose house was still standing, and in return for the shelter her roof afforded me I worked late and early. The ladies of the family had to do all that had been done before the war by twenty negroes. There were children to be taught, patching and darning to be attended to, an appearance of the old traditional gentility and hospitality to be kept up. Our clothes were commonly received from generous friends in Baltimore. Sometimes we made quilts which our Baltimore friends raffled for. Sometimes we made preserves to be sold by the same generous friends in the same generous city; and we put up old fashioned Virginia pickles; but the demand was not equal to the supply.

How often have we shivered in our beds for want of blankets, or suffered on cold days from shoes that let in water, or thin clothes that let in air! We who had known no want, no care, no lack of any pleasure in our lives in the gay days that preceded our adversity. At last a piece of very extraordinary good luck befell me. A silver bowl and sugar dish—family relics which had been carried off during the occupation of our farm—fell into the hands of a Massachusetts gentleman, who took great pains to find out their former owner. He wrote to me proposing either to purchase them or send them back to me. The family silver had always been intended to be a part of my own portion, so that I would take the price, and a sum much larger than I expected was forwarded to me. It bought me some good clothes, it enabled me to make some little presents, and it left me with twenty dollars over to be spent on anything I thought proper.

What should it be? I was sorely tempted to devote it to my own gratification. My life had had all joy, all brightness, all self improvement utterly pressed out of it. Might I not justly give myself a taste of joy or brightness and improvement with this chance that had been offered me? In a word, might I not go to the Centennial?

I thought of all the Sunday school stories of good little boys and girls who give away their cents instead of buying candy. But they did not seem to apply in this case. It was not unwholesome candy for which I longed, but something I was sure was going to be good for me. After all it is one's self, and not one's dollar that does good. If I came back to my gray life beaming with brightness from new experience, might I not be of more worth to church and poor than even twenty dollars?

I had a dreadful qualm of conscience for a month about it. Whether I decided rightly must be shown by the sequel to my story, but the Centennial conquered. I considered the matter as if it were my own mother, and that brought me to a decision in my favor. To go to the Centennial would be concentrated essence of that trip to Europe to which all hard-working Americans look forward as the vacation of their lives. I would do it as economically as possible, but I would snatch my gleam of brightness.

The next difficulty that presented itself was with whom to go. Family parties were all large enough without me. Young men did not want to be bothered with old maids. I was as unused to traveling as I was to pleasure or self-reliance, but I decided at last to trouble nobody and to strike out for myself. I would go alone.

I went over to our country town and bought an excursion ticket to the Centennial, good for five days. There was quite a little bustle in my cousin's house when I announced that I was really going. I think the general astonishment might have discouraged and deterred me, but I had bought the ticket, and no one could advise that I should waste the purchase money.

I started, as I have since found everybody else did, entirely ignorant of how to meet every difficulty that would present itself on reaching Philadelphia. The only useful practical suggestion I received was to carry no checked luggage. I put my clothes in an old fashioned carpet-bag, and my cousin packed me a great basket with what she called "a snack"—pickles, preserves, fruit cake, ham sandwiches, roast chicken, biscuits and muffins.

It was a rainy September afternoon, when one of the boys drove me to the nearest station.

"Good-by, and the good Lor' look after yer, Miss Clary," said Jenny. "An' don't you think too much of your treat, honey. There's many a one as sets off as spry and gay like you do as doesn't know what's to happen to 'em afore they gets back again."

With these words of doubtful prophecy sounding in my ears, I drove off under the dripping brightness of the oaks, hickories and maples spared by the hand of war in the once grand avenue.

The roads were very bad. The old-fashioned, high swung carriage, built long before the dawn of our Lost Cause, and surviving the Confederacy, jerked over limestone ridges and plunged into deep, dark, red mudholes, the fore wheels slipping in with a jerk and a splash, the hind wheels following with creak and groans which seemed to come from every separate bit of wood and iron.

We got to the small country store that was our station about four o'clock in the afternoon. The train, which was already due when we arrived, did not come up for half an hour.

"Good-by, cousin. Here you are, all right," said Gen, handing the "snack" basket up to me as I stood on the car platform.

"Now, madam, all aboard. We are behind time as it is," said the conductor, showing me into a car crowded with male passengers.

"This is not the place for me," I said, drawing back.

"Indeed, madam, there is no other," replied the conductor. These gentlemen are well behaved; most of them are Knights of Pythias or something of that sort from Carolina. But there are ladies forward in this car. I will get you a seat near them."

These ladies consisted of a young flirt "carrying on" with several young men (she got out at the next station); a lean-faced, long-nosed, light-haired, and bejeweled bride, who paraded the privilege of making a pillow of her husband, and a sickly female child in the arms of a robust middle-aged gentleman.

The conductor got me a seat behind the flirt, who alternately amused and disgusted me. On the other side of the car was the gentleman with the baby. The married woman sprawled and spread herself a few seats before them.

The novelty of being in a railroad car was so great that everything amused and interested me. At first I was absorbed in speculations about the passengers; then I began to watch the dripping forest trees and glistening fences, to wonder who lived in those houses, or when the little boys who gazed at us would have their supper. Suddenly I remembered my carpet-bag. Where was it? It had not been put into the car with me? I started up just as the train moved off from the station where we put out the young lady.

"Were you going to get out, ma'am? I'm afraid it is too late," said one of the gentlemen.

"No, sir. But it's my carpet-bag," I cried. A blue carpet-bag with brown flowers, and my name on it, Miss Clarissa Barrington. Did you see anything of it when I got into the car? What shall I do if it is lost? It had almost everything I own in it."

"Better ask the conductor."

"I'll fetch him," said another.

He came, but all the help he could afford was to say he'd ask the baggage-master.

In a few minutes he came back, and the baggage-master with him. A tall man dressed in blue, a dark beard covering half his face, and the peak of his cap shading the other. He eyed me quietly as the conductor with brief explanation introduced me thus:

"This is the lady who has lost her carpet-bag—blue did you say?—with dark brown flowers. Was there any direction on it?"

"Miss Clarissa Barrington, Philadelphia," I answered.

"She says Miss Clarissa Barrington," said the conductor. "Blue carpet-bag and brown flowers, not checked. Is sure she saw it on the platform at Agueville Creek station."

"Yes, yes, I heard," said the baggage-master, waving him aside. "Clarissa Barrington—still Clarissa Barrington?"

"Why, who?" I cried, and our eyes met. "Is it—I" and I put out my hand eagerly.

"Yes," he said, pressing it in both his own—"Joe Mitchell."

I drew back in my seat and made room for him.

"But first," he said, "about the carpet-bag, for that is business. Give me the description."

I gave it over again.

"There is no such bag upon the train. I will telegraph at the next station. Where will it find you in Philadelphia?"

"I don't know, said I. I haven't any place to sleep in yet. I am going to see the world. To put a bit of color into my life of Confederate gray."

"Never mind," he said, "I'm going through. We'll see the show together if you like. I can look after you."

And then years, disappointments and distresses rolled off like clouds before a summer sun. He sat beside me, and we talked of things before the war, of his perils and adventures, of my troubles and poor brother.

I was, as it were, safe "happed" under his protection. I who had been so lonely all these years; I who had tried, though with a heart of fear, to strike out boldly for myself in search of happiness.

I read in his eyes something I had not seen in eyes of man since our last parting. He told me he was not married, but I knew he was not, without telling.

I was a totally unsettled woman then. I was so happy then as he sat beside me.

Night now came on. Rain was still falling. Lamps were lighted in the cars. Men looked at their watches, and talked about the next refreshment station. Mr. Mitchell left me to attend to business in the baggage car, and shortly after we were "switched off," as people round me said "on to a siding" and the train came to a standstill without any station.

What was wrong. A dozen passengers went out to gather information. They came back saying the track at some point ahead of us had been washed out, and we might have to wait on the "siding" till the morning.

There was an Englishman upon the cars who over and over again during the night exclaimed about the extraordinary patience of the public in America. I said it might be due to the habit of submitting to all kinds of national abuses in politics, till they could be reformed at the end of four years by a constitutional revolution.

"Ah," said he, "that constitutional revolutional revolution every four years is your national safety valve."

By this time those at our end of the car had grown quite friendly. I brought my big "snack basket," and it was passed round to my neighbors, and after a while we settled down to a sleep; but the little girl who was but two years old, and who from time to time on the whole journey had wailed miserably, began, after eating some supper from my basket, to cry with piercing shrieks and piteous baby cries of mum, mum, ma!"

The father took her up in his arms and began walking up and down in the car to quiet her. This only diffused the discord and discomfort through the company.

"Why don't you give the child to its mum, mum, ma?" cried one stout fellow, savagely.

"Because," said the poor father, stopping as he passed him, "she has got no mamma. Her mother died at sea many weeks ago, and I am carrying her home to the friends of her dead mother."

There was a great hush of sympathy among us after that. As the father again passed me I held out my arms and offered to take the little creature.

After some low wailing she settled down upon my breast, and Mr. Mitchell being still away, the father came and sat beside me.

He told me his name was Bernard, captain of a fruit schooner that went on voyages to the West Indies. That his wife had died at sea. He had money, no near relatives, and was greatly perplexed as to how to dispose of little Fanny. Her mother's people lived in Maine, and they were all old; they might not like to be troubled with a baby.

The poor man's heart seeemed very full, and, as well as I could, I comforted him.

When Joe came back at last I don't think he was much pleased to find his seat occupied and a baby taking up my attention; but he took a place behind me, and talked over my shoulder with his beard very near my ear. The captain did not like that in his turn.

It was good fun to see them. It was like a little piece of the old times let into my life again. I did not mind teasing Joe a little, and as to the captain—he ought not to have been taking notice of any girl when his wife had died so recently.

All night this thing went on. It seemed as if the sixteen dreary years, the war, and all its griefs, my poverty and loneliness, had rolled together like a scroll and all times brightened forth again. Two honest men contending for my smiles! Two honest men? My instinct told me (I despise a woman without instinct) that Captain Bernard was a good man, and Joe I knew was good; for more than sixteen years I have known I loved him.

[*To be continued.*]

SUMMER NORMAL SCHOOL.

CIRCULAR OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

[*From the American Annals for April.*]

The Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, which met at Columbus, Ohio, in August, 1878, directed the Standing Executive Committee to consider the subject of a Normal School, to be held during the summer of 1879, and to make such arrangements for the organization of a school of this character as might seem desirable and practicable.

The Committee, having had the subject under consideration at a meeting held at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb on the 26th instant, have reached the following conclusions:

1st. Several serious obstacles in the way of the successful management of a Normal School at a place of general summer resort having presented themselves to the minds of the Committee, it seems preferable that the school should be held, for this year at least, in an institution for the deaf and dumb,

2d. Each person receiving the benefits of the school should pay board while in attendance, together with a small fee, not to exceed ten dollars, to defray the expense of securing suitable instructors.

3d. The principal or superintendent of the institution in which the school may be held should be the principal of the Normal School, receiving all fees, and making all arrangements for instruction, board, etc., subject to the approval of the Executive Committee.

4th. The school should continue for at least two weeks, and should be held as early in the month of July as possible.

With the view of carrying the above suggestions into practical effect, the Committee request that all principals or superintendents of institutions for the deaf and dumb in the United States and Canada who may be able to entertain and willing to take charge of the Normal School for 1879 will communicate with the chairman of the Committee, at Washington, before the first day of May, proximo.

It is suggested to boards of directors of institutions for the deaf and dumb that it would be a benefit to the cause of deaf-mute instruction in general, and to the institutions under their control in particular, if they should select certain of their teachers, or of those they contemplate employing in this capacity, whose expenses at the Normal School they would be willing to defray.

The chairman of the Committee will be happy to receive suggestions from all interested in the success of the Normal School, with regard to methods and arrangements, as well as location; and if any person has a plan for conducting such a school elsewhere than in an institution for the deaf and dumb, and is willing to assume the management of the school, he is requested to communicate with the chairman of the Committee.

If a suitable location for the Normal School can be found, circulars giving full particulars will be issued with as little delay as possible. In the meantime, it will aid in determining whether the effort to establish such a school is likely to succeed, if all who are desirous of attending will send their names to the undersigned.

By order of the Committee.
EDWARD M. GALLAUDET,
Chairman.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,
Kendall Green, near Washington, D. C., March 28, 1879.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

MINT SPRING, Augusta Co., Va., April 5, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This place is so called on account of too much mint growing in it. I am visiting my dear old pupils, Prof. and Mrs. Thomas J. Williams, on this fine farm, from which can be seen the Blue Ridge on the east, and the Alleghany Mountains on the west, the scenery being beautiful and picturesque.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. Williams brought me hither in his own buggy to see his famiiy. Much pleased I am to find his home pleasantly situated, but this belongs to his wife's noble-hearted mother, Mrs. Martha M. Griggs, of Alabama, who loves her grand-children so much, that she will not return to her old home to live. Her daughter, Mrs Williams, is deaf and dumb, and very dear to her, and she has no desire whatever to part with her little grand-children, in whose welfare she takes so deep an interest. The first owner of this house was so much distressed at the death of his wife, that he would not sleep within its walls. He spent his nights in a small house on the other side of the road; but took his meals at home. He sold it to another man, but afterwards it passed into the hands of Mrs Griggs, who lives on it. On this farm are seven never-failing springs, and one of the finest orchards in this State. This orchard has produced about twelve hundred dollars' worth of fruit in one year.

Mr. Rider, you may recollect that Mr. Williams was once one of your class-mates, under the tuition of Dr. Isaac L. Peet. The Virginia Institution however, claims him as a pupil for seven years, during which time he was under my instruction. He is and has been connected with the Virginia Institution as a teacher about ten years. He is so enthusiastic in the instruction of deaf-mutes that he will not give up his profession until death calls him away.

Mrs. Williams, *nee* Griggs, was once taught for a few months by Joseph Edwards, of Lexington, Ga., now deceased. She is a graduate of the American Asylum, but obtained most of her education from my niece, Miss Mollie A. Foley, now dead, and also at the Virginia Institution where she was placed under the tuition of this writer. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, though both deaf and dumb, are blessed with four smart children, two boys and two girls, all of whom possess all their faculties in perfection. I must frankly say that I have met with about five thousand deaf-mutes this year, and that all the married deaf-mute couples, except five or six, have speaking children. I will soon send you a faithful statement on the causes of deficiency in hearing, which I have on hand.

I am about proceeding to Steele's Tavern to pay a short visit to my three dear old pupils. Yours sincerely,

JOB TURNER.

MIDWAY, Rockbridge Co. Va., April 7, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—This place, Midway, is half way between Staunton and Lexington, the distance from either place being eighteen miles.

I write this from one of the finest and most productive farms of which the valley of old Virginia can boast. I am a guest of Mr. Isaac Fultz, one of the most skilful and practical farmers in the State; the father of three deaf-mute children, one son and three daughters, all former pupils in the Virginia Institution. One of his daughters is the wife of Prof. L. W. Saunders, a deaf-mute, and one of the teachers in the Mississippi Institution at Jackson. She and her two little speaking daughters are visiting her parents and relatives at this place. Mr. Saunders was once connected with the Virginia Institution, as a teacher for three years, during which time he proved himself to be an excellent and successful instructor of deaf-mute beginners. Hard the work, but great the privilege to open the gate of useful knowledge to the mind of the deaf-mute. This I realize from personal experience. I am glad to hear that Mr. Saunders still enjoys the reputation of being a successful teacher in the Mississippi school. No deaf-mute has greater privileges in associating with great men and mingling with fine families than he. During the late war he witnessed a distressing occurrence in Jackson, Miss., which I think proper to relate. A poor deaf-mute man, whose name I cannot call to mind, was instantly killed by the explosion of a powder mill while working therein. The explosion was so strong as to throw him a great distance in the air, and his fall, so violent as to deprive him of his life instantly. Many other employes were killed at the same time. The killed could not be identified on account of their bodies being so disfigured and mangled, except the deaf-mute who was very well identified by one of the socks found on his person which had his name on it. It prevented his being buried with the nameless in one large grave. He was given a decent burial. The explosion of the mill shook the earth as if it had been an earthquake. Mr. Saunders was frightened by his sewing machine jumping some distance from the floor while he was trimming hats on it.

While I write this, I can see Mr. Fultz's green fields in which the wheat is finely growing. I can also get a glimpse of an ancient house which was built for a fort in Indian times, and around which flints and Indian arrow heads are found. He has a flock of very fine sheep which claims my admiration. He has one of the largest and finest barns in this valley, which is the most attractive I ever saw with my own eyes, and which compares well with even those to be seen along the Hudson River.

South of this place is Lexington where lie buried the Christian generals, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, whose memories are ever kept sacred in the hearts of the Southern people. While they were in service they called their enemies Yankees in their war documents, if I do not mistake.

This county gave birth to McCormick, the inventor of the harvesting machine. The first successful reaper ever made, was built at Walnut Grove Farm, about four miles from this place. The house where the invention was worked out, is still standing, nearly in sight of the Staunton and Lexington turnpike. The inventor died about thirty years ago, and his two sons have since greatly improved the machine. I have the pleasure of the acquaintance of the sons. They now live in Chicago, Ill., where they manufacture reapers. They have vast facilities for the manufacture of their machines. The work is carried on day and night. The employees carry their dinners to the works, which are situated near Chicago.

One of the McCormicks has presented an immense telescope to the University of Virginia. I became acquainted with the other brother in 1840, while traveling up the Potomac to Washington City, on which occasion we enjoyed the company of Governor Gilmer, of Virginia, who was afterwards killed by the bursting of the great gun Peacemaker on board the ill-fated steamer Princeton. I considered Gov. Gilmer my warm friend.

About thirty miles from this place is the celebrated Natural Bridge which I visited many years ago in company with my mother. I remember that in the conveyance in which we journeyed we had as fellow travelers Judge Butler of South Carolina, then United States Senator, and his daughter, whose husband is now Attorney General of South Carolina. Judge Butler said that a deaf-mute man was once tried before him for the murder of his brother whom he had accidently killed while out gunning. The deaf-mute in the course of his trial protested in the pantomime language his innocence, and just as the prosecuting attorney had finished his last speech, the deaf-mute sprang from the prisoner's box and rushed to the judge and embraced him, and in the force of his sign-language pleaded his innocence. His direct appeal to the judge convinced the jury that the killing was the result of an accident rather than of premeditation, and he was acquitted.

A service for deaf-mutes and others was held last night, in Mount Carmel church, situated in a fine grove. The house of the Lord was well filled with speaking people from the surrounding country. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton, the pastor, and myself held a combined service. We had no difficulty in uniting the services. Many thanks are due to the Lord our God for the success of the service. Mr. Hamilton is a Presbyterian minister. He read, at my instance, the appropriate prayers out of the prayer book, and also read the written sermon to the congregation while I used the prayers and delivered the sermon to the deaf-mutes present, for whom the kind-hearted people showed their sympathy by attending the meeting. Some of the young people rode horseback a long distance.

I return to Staunton, from which place, by Divine permission, I purpose to extend my labors, through Kentucky and other South Western States, returning by the Gulf and South Atlantic States to Virginia, and, Providence permitting, I shall be pleased to minister among the brethren at the North.

I ask the prayers of all interested in the gospel work among the deaf and dumb to the end that my hands may be strengthened.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

A couple were married in Brocton for the second time, last week. The evidence of their marriage, seven years ago, had been lost.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published: it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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EXERCISE FORBEARANCE IN TRAINING CHILDREN.

In the proper development of sound moral principles in the coming man and woman deaf-mute parents should profit from the apostle's injunction "provoke not your children to anger." In "governing" children, be resonable, but firm. Use no excitable gestures nor unreasonably strong language of words. First govern your own feelings in a proper manner, and you will then be competent to rule over those whose future lives depend greatly upon the manner in which they are disciplined in the intervening years of childhood and youth. At the very outset teach lessons of love and patience to your children. We have seen children so instilled with the love of their parents that it was seldom if ever necessary to inflict corporeal punishment upon them in any case to secure prompt obedience to parental authority. By judicious management, the "olive branch" is often far more valuable than an "iron rod" in training children to principles of obedience.

We do not go so far as to assume that the rod of correction is an unmitigated evil in all households, and even Solomon, "the wisest man," has taught us that it is possible to "spare the rod and spoil the child," but, even when the most persistent efforts to secure obedience through kindness and proper examples fail, parents should use much discretion and exercise sound judgment in correcting the faults of their children. No strong words nor long-winded, meaningless arguments should be entered into to compel obedience, nor should children be kicked, cuffed, or rapped over the head as a means of punishment. When "moral suasion," administered in the right spirit, fails to secure affection and obedience prompt, firm, but reasonable, corporeal punishment may very properly, and often with good results, be resorted to, but no unreasonable gesticulations or threats should be indulged in by parents. No display of bad temper should be made by parents towards their children, for the latter, like all other humanity, are imitative creatures, and a display of vindictive feeling towards them by their parents is sure to be re-produced to the sorrow of parents and the disgrace of children. Let every parent rule his or her own child or children in a spirit of patient forbearance, governed by parental affection, "forbearing threatening," but, as they value their children's future happiness, let them rule them with diligence, winning cheerful obedience by love if possible; but when these means prove abortive the good of their children and of humanity warrant stronger measures.

DEATH OF MAJOR THEODORE C. BOWLES.

Superintendent Theodore C. Bowles, of the Kansas Institution, died at that institution, on the 8th inst., at the age of 50 years, 9 months, and five days. His death was caused by kidney disease, from which he had long suffered. Four days before his death he had tendered his resignation, on account of his ill health, which was accepted, to take effect at the close of the present school year.

Mr. Bowles was born in Holmes county, O., July 3d, 1828. He received his high school education in Ashland Academy, in the State of Ohio, was a teacher for five years, afterwards opened a law office at Mansfield, O., in company with Hon. Thomas H. Ford, and practiced law until the commencement of the civil war. He served with distinction in the army as First Lieutenant of the 15th Ohio Volunteers, was promoted to Captaincy and afterwards Brevet Major.

At the close of the war he was commissioned as Depot Quartermaster at Fort Scott, Kan., and Chief Quartermaster of the southern district of Kansas, occupying the position until the Post was closed on February 1st, 1866. He was then ordered by the Secretary of War to report for duty at Tallahassee, Fla., to act as Chief Quartermaster of the military district of Florida, but, while in Washington, he prevailed upon the Secretary to revoke the order and give him an honorable discharge from the Government service, in order that he might retire to civil avocations.

He settled in Ottawa, Kan., in May, 1866, and began the practice of law there. In 1869 he was elected to the House of Representatives in the State Legislature, was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and was a valuable member. He was one of the trustees of the Kansas Insane Asylum from 1872 to 1876. May 26th, 1876, he was appointed by the State Board of Charities Superintendent of the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, which position he continued to occupy up to nearly the day of his death, with credit to himself and honor to the State. He was one of the Directors of the Kansas City and Santa Fe Railroad, and was an active member of its organization. He was a member of the Congregational Church and also of the Masonic order. Originally he was a Whig, but has been a Republican since the organization of that party.

Mr. Bowles was married June 18th, 1857, to Miss Mary E. Pettit, a lady of fine acquirements, and at present Matron of the institution of which her husband was superintendent. Four children, with their mother, mourn a husband's and a father's death. The institution has lost a valuable officer.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

DEWITT TOUSLEY, of Le Sueur, Minn., recently paid his friends a visit in Minneapolis.

M. O. Robert, lately of Minneapolis, has secured a good job in a clothing store, as a tailor, in St. Paul, Minn.

PROF. Wing, of the Minnesota Institution, favored the Minneapolis Association of Deaf-Mutes with an interesting discourse on Sunday, the 6th inst.

GEORGE W. Tollis, wagon maker, is employed in the shop of T. Davis at Mazomanie, Wis. Hugh Cook is a painter, and is employed in the same shops.

FRED Tschudy, who graduated from the Wisconsin Institution in 1876, lives with his parents at New Glarus, Wis. His father is a dry goods and grocery merchant.

THE following officers of the Dayton, O., Deaf-Mute Literary Society have been selected for the ensuing year: President, George Van Doren; Vice-President, Elliot Mann; Secretary, James H. Smith; Treasurer, C. C. Hatfield. The society has seventeen members.

IT is reported that A. R. Spear, of Minneapolis, contemplates removing to St. Paul to engage in the clothing business, as the times there are said to be better than in the former place.

JOSHUA Tschudy, of New Glarus, Wis., who has a good reputation as a shoemaker, received a large stock of leather from New York, last January, to be manufactured by him into boots and shoes.

PROF. D. H. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution, was unable to fill his appointment of lecturing before the deaf-mutes of Minneapolis and its vicinity on Sunday, the 6th inst., because of some trouble with his eyes.

JOHN H. Harris, who has been working on the *North-Western Chronicle* in St. Paul, Minn., was taken sick on the 13th ult. with bleeding from one of his lungs. He is now somewhat better, but does not expect to go back again to his old place.

THE place of the late E. C. Stone on the Executive Committee of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. G. O. Fay, Superintendent of the Ohio Institution, the appointment to hold until the next convention shall make its own selection.

MR. G. O. Fay, the effective superintendent of the Ohio Deaf-Mute Institution, has of late been popularized by quite a number of deaf-mutes seeking to enter the state of double blessedness. The last happy pair he married on the 2d inst; they were Mr. Ambrose J. Morris and Miss Mary C. Wright, both of Washington, C. H., Fayette county, O.

THE officers of the Lincoln county Deaf-Mute Christian Union are desirous of obtaining the names and circumstances of all uneducated deaf-mutes in Lincoln county. Letters on the subject addressed to the secretary of the Union, at Damariscotta, promptly answered and blanks furnished.—*Herald and Record, Damariscotta, Me.*

PERSONS visiting town lately are attracted by the fine looking and attractive signs that are just now being put up, it is needless to say, by Geo. W. Evans, a deaf-mute, who, as a painter, has no superior in the West. Geo. is not only adding much to the appearance of our town, but is also putting wealth in the pockets of those who patronize him.—*Pattersonville, Ia., Index.*

IN answer to Mrs. J. S. Miller, of Wyoming, N. Y., as to deaf-mute spelling matches a correspondent says: "I would say that spelling matches can be conducted as follows: Let the leader describe anything that has a name, and then the contestants go to the black-board and write out the name. Some will spell it one way and some another. Of course the leader will try to describe common things, but those with hard names to remember, etc."

THE Legislature now in session has voted the Missouri Institution the following appropriations for the years 1879 and 1880: For the support and education of pupils, $71,000; for salaries of officers and teachers, $20,000; total, $91,000. This is the same amount that was appropriated two years ago. In the "House" the appropriations were cut down to $55,000 for support, and $16,000 for salaries; but the Senate insisted upon the original amount as fixed by it, and refused to concur in the amendments. The "House" then receded from its "retrenchment and reform" measure, thus restoring the aggregate appropriation to $91,000.

EDWARD Lewis, of Attica, some time since visited friends at New Glarus, Wis., and among others his former classmate, Mr. J. Tschudy, all enjoying the visit very much.

MRS. Grace J. Chandler, of Mexico, N. Y., left home this (Wednesday) morning for Buffalo to attend the funeral of her sister, Mrs. Sarah Evans, who died yesterday morning.

MR. Barrick has now engraved building cuts for four State Institutions—Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri. His alphabet is steadily extending over the country, and is universally approved for its accuracy. The long dashes which appear on many impressions we chiseled away long ago, and we submit that their absence is an improvement.—*Chronicle.*

The street lamp in front of the Rombough Hotel is a beauty, and does credit to the painter, Geo. W. Evans, a deaf-mute. Mr. Rombough could not have got a nicer one had he sent to Chicago. Mr. Evans is a good workman, and cannot be excelled west of Chicago in any work in his line. Call in his office, over Rozenboom & Werkman's Hardware Store, and see a sample of his work.—*Pattersonville, Ia., Index.*

OUR St. Paul correspondent says that a special despatch has been received from Milwaukee to this effect: "C. L. Williams, whose charges relating to the Delavan Deaf and Dumb Asylum, were investigated a year ago, and who has since been running a school for deaf-mutes in Green Bay, is in jail in that city, charged with outraging Mrs. Barbara Mildfong, a deaf-mute assistant in his school. He is held in $500 bail to appear in court." We have not yet received anything to substantiate the report, but we wait further particulars. We hope the news will prove incorrect.

IT was rumored in the deaf-mute circles last summer that Mr Geo. E. Bronson was dead. We desire to know if this report is confirmed. He was a graduate of the Ohio Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and before the war, a teacher in the Tennessee Institution under Superintendent O. W. Morris, of New York. At the time of his death he resided in Franklin, Indiana, where he has been successfully engaged in the real estate and loan business.—*Knoxville, Tenn., Silent Observer, April* 12th. [We think the above report has no foundation, as Mr. Bronson renewed his subscription to the JOURNAL last fall.—ED. JOURNAL.]

IT is reported that the treasury of the Maine Deaf-Mute Mission is empty and the mission in debt. The State missionary was obliged to suspend his labors last fall for lack of funds. There was a lamentable want of harmony among the members, but its ill success seems to have been attributable to a lack of executive ability and a correct understanding of the English language. Correct answers could not be given to the many inquiries as to its character, intentions, and purposes, thus destroying, in a great measure, the confidence of a generous public that the parties soliciting were capable of carrying to a successful termination what they had undertaken.

A. A. Boldan, of Manchester, Ia., informs us that a very happy event transpired April 4th in that village, it being the union by marriage of Mr. A. A. Boldan (the correspondent) and Miss Dena End Bloom, by Rev. J. M. Moat. The wedding took place at 12:30 P. M., at the residence of Mr. John Bloom, father of the bride, who is the elder daughter, and was witnessed by a large number of the friends of the bride and bridegroom. After the matrimonial knot was tied all present enjoyed a sumptuous feast. Many fine presents were in order. The bride and bridegroom have our best wishes for a happy wedded life. They will probably reside in Manchester.

SAYS the *Middle Chronicle*: Flora Hoffschmidt is a pupil ten years old, from the city. Her mother is very poor and has a large family to support by her unaided exertions. A Dr. Henion has been in the city for several weeks. Mrs. Hoffschmidt believed his statement that he could cure her child, and gave him $40 to make the cure. She and the child visited the office daily for three weeks, but she was surprised at her last visit to learn that the doctor had left town. Little Flora has returned to school as deaf as ever. Robert McCullough, another pupil, consulted him. A preliminary fee of $20 was demanded. He had no $20, and he remains as deaf as ever, but no poorer.

THE High Class members of the Fanwood Athletic Club of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution are composed of very promising athletes, and it almost always happens that when those members of that club compete in amateur athletic games in New York and its vicinity one or two are sure to carry off a prize, as was the case with Mr. Chester Q. Mann (a fellow of remarkable pluck and endurance,) who was one of the 120 competitors that took part in the 4 hours' "Go-as-you-please contest" that transpired at Gilmore's Garden, on the evening of April 5th, under the auspices of the Columbia College Athletic Association. He won the race, having done 29 miles to his credit. He deserves great credit for his pluck, as only 45 of the 120 contestants finished.

Appointments of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann.

Mich. City, Ind.,	Trinity Church,	May 9
Chicago, Ill.,	St. James' "	" 11
Peoria,	" St. Paul's "	" 12
Rock Island,	" Trinity "	" 13
Davenport, Iowa,	Cathedral "	" 14
Des Moines,	" St. Paul's "	" 15
Council Bluffs, Ia.,	St. P's "	" 16
Omaha, Neb.,	Cathedral "	" 18
St. Joseph, Mo.,	Christ "	" 19
Atchison, Kan.,	Trinity "	" 20
Topeka,	" Grace "	" 21
Kansas City, Mo.,	Grace "	" 22
St. Louis,	" St. George's "	" 25
Terre Haute, Ind.,	St. Stephen's "	" 26
Indianapolis,	" Christ Church "	" 27
Cleveland, O.,	Trinity "	" 28
Akron,	" St. Paul's "	" 29
Meadville, Pa.,	Christ "	" 30

All those directly interested in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes are kindly requested to make the above notices as general as it is in their power to, and to bring their hearing and speaking friends with them to the services. A. W. MANN.

Easter Election.

At the Easter Election, held on Monday last, the following officers were elected to look after the interests of Grace (Episcopal) Church for the present year: Wardens, M. Bradbury, M. D., C. F. Tuller; Vestrymen, Theodore Barker, Peter Morgan, Myron Collins, George Davis, George D. Babcock, Amos Thomas, George W. Pruyne, Daniel H. Barnard.

—Ex-President Grant and party arrived at Singapore all well, and after a short stay left for Siam, Saigon and Hong Kong.

Local Paragraphs.

Edith Becker is a little more comfortable.

Orson Webb is adding a few improvements to his house.

George Severance, of Hamilton College, is home on a visit.

L. W. Robinson is engaged as a salesman in a store in Oswego.

Eugene Alton has lately been visiting for a few days at J. C. Taylor's.

Easter services were observed at several of our churches last Sunday.

There was a slight snow-fall of scattering snowflakes last Sunday and Tuesday.

"Grandmother" Wickwire is very low, and it is thought that she cannot rally again.

Almost everybody in the village who has maple shade trees is engaged in the sugar business.

The "beautiful" drifts are becoming "beautifully less" day by day, but they diminish very deliberately.

Henry Cook, who has been sick for some time past, has returned to his old position—clerking for Mr. J. B. Driggs.

Whitney & Lamby, who recently bought out J. R. Norton's dry goods stock, are taking an invoice preparatory to taking possession.

Mrs. Sarah Evans, of Buffalo, sister of Mrs. Grace J. Chandler, of this village, died at her home, in that city, at 3 A. M., Tuesday, April 4th, 1879.

It is reported that a twelve-year-old son of Mr. Root, at or near North Mexico, had the misfortune while splitting wood to cut off two of the toes of one of his feet.

C. L. Griffeth spent part of last week and also last Sunday in town, while on his route as salesman, and reports the boot and shoe trade as looking a little more encouraging.

Roads are in a rather bad condition, the sleighing out of town being very poor and the wheeling in many places worse, but every day of sunshine is slowly telling on the old banks of hard-packed snow.

It is feared that the recent frequent hard freezing of the wheat fields, of which some of the farmers of this town have a few small ones, will materially injure the crop, the roots being quite easily damaged by frost upheavel.

Another hard freeze last Monday night. All right; the more freezing, succeeded by thaws, the more plenty and cheap the maple sugar, and we are bound to have some of it, if we are obliged to tap our apple trees to get sap from which to make it.

We are indebted to Mr. Lewis Tubbs for a present of delicious maple wax, such as Lewis knows how to make. Mr. Tubbs is working 300 maples, makes the very best of sugar and syrup, and they are too well known here to need any recommendations of ours.

The Union Cheese Factory opened up last Monday, and the factory near the residence of Mr. E. Trowbridge. We understand that several other factories in this and adjoining towns are running. Cheese are slightly advancing in price, and dairymen are feeling a little encouraged in regard to this season's prospect.

Hope is slowly reviving; Bushnell, who is the mail and passenger carrier between this village and Union Square, has employed wheels in making his trips since the middle of last week, but there are some places where he still has deep snow to get through. A few more days of sunshine will help the wagon tracks down through the old, hard snow drifts to *terra firma.*

The Presbyterian Church society's entertainment at Washington Hall, last Friday evening, was quite a success, and was in some respects very amusing, "Babes in the woods," especially, being very laughable and producing great merriment among the spectators. Before leaving for their homes the most of those present partook of refreshments, warm maple sugar being one of the delicacies served. The receipts were amply sufficient to give much encouragement to all interested in the entertainment.

"Sol" Alexander is slightly lame in one foot. Cause: his colt didn't get around in a satisfactory manner, and, to teach the colt a good lesson, he enforced his request by a stout kick; but, the top of his foot coming in contact with a sharp bone of one of the colt's legs, the colt escaped injury and "Sol" was the sufferer. The colt is to be congratulated, but the unintended victim has our sympathy. The next time that colt gets kicked he will undoubtedly be attacked in a weaker place if the owner does not wear a pair of iron-clad sandals.

Rev. Mr. Cossett, of Oswego, conducted services at Grace Church last Sunday morning and evening. It being Easter Sunday, the services were of more than usual interest. Floral offerings were abundant and magnificent. With her usual grace and skill, Mrs. A. M. Parker presided at the organ, and sweet notes were dispensed from the horns of Messrs. Penfield, Huntington, Flint, and Webb, of the Helicon Band. Communion services were held in the morning, and in the evening children's services were held and an interesting, practical sermon delivered. Taken as a whole the services were profitable, pleasant and interesting. We are informed that officers of the church are making arrangements for regular weekly Sunday services, of which the society of that church has for several past months been deprived.

SOPHIA AUGUSTA HUTSON, A BLIND DEAF-MUTE.

BY MISS ANGIE A. FULLER, SAVANNA, ILL.

[From the Annals for April.]

[The following sketch derives additional interest from the fact that its writer is herself totally deaf and partly blind; at times almost entirely blind. In answer to an inquiry from the editor, she writes as follows: "Congestive chills left me totally deaf at the age of thirteen. Two years later my eyes become sore, and they have never since ceased to trouble me. I have never been too blind to distinguish between light and darkness, but have often been unable to recognize members of the family close by my side. I have entirely lost the sight of my left eye, and the right eye has been so much affected that all print or writing was a blank. At present I am able to read and write with some comfort, and I hope I may escape the total darkness that has so long threatened to settle permanently upon me." Miss Fuller was educated at the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.—ED. ANNALS.]

Sophia Augusta Hutson was born at Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 1, 1856. She differs from Laura Bridgman, Julia Brace, and several other well-known cases, in one important respect: their threefold misfortune was the result of sickness, while hers dates from birth. Her parents, however, did not know certainly that she was deaf until she was about five years old, attributing her silence and odd ways to her blindness until she reached that age. Without doubt, her dumbness, like that of the majority of deaf-mutes, is only the natural consequence of deafness, and not due to any defect in the vocal organs.

No effort was made to give her any instruction in language until she was sixteen years old. Then the Rev. J. B. Howell, while acting as city missionary in the employment of the Presbyterian Church of Wilksbarre, found her, and pitying her dark, isolated condition obtained her parents' consent to give her lessons one hour every week.

At first Mr. Howell used a glove upon which the English alphabet was printed; but as she did not like it, and finally refused to wear it, he tried the knuckle (or Indian) alphabet, in connection with raised letters. By this means she learned a good many words, mostly common nouns; and he might have kept on teaching her until she had gained a fair command of language, had he not been sent as a missionary to Brazil.

While preparing for his mission field, he learned that I was willing to carry on the work which he had begun, and he took pains to get me installed as her teacher. Accordingly I was introduced into Mr. Hutson's family on the 8th of November, 1873.

I remember Sophia as a girl of medium height and slender frame, with very delicate hands, very pale face, high forehead, and hair remarkable for being a mixture of pure white, jet black, and gray. It was arranged in neat braids at the back of her head. Her eyes were very small, the iris being scarcely larger than an ordinary-sized bean, and she generally kept them tightly closed. Her expression was rather vacant, but did not indicate weakness of intellect.

Two ladies, one of whom was a deaf-mute, accompanied me on my first visit to Sophia. She quickly recognized them, and as quickly perceived that I was a stranger. We held our hands over her while we spelled, that she might understand we talked with our fingers instead of our voices. On the fore-finger of her left hand she wore a ring, and, noticing that she seemed to prize it highly, the first word I spelled to her that day was "ring," care being taken to show her the connection between the word spelled and the circle on her finger. She seemed much pleased with her first lesson, and laughed heartily, as was her custom when pleased.

Although she had no previous knowledge of signs as used by the deaf and dumb, she readily understood the signs I made for cup, water, thread, knife, book, and brought me the articles without hesitation. I began to teach her by means of the one-hand manual alphabet, and by such signs as could be easily communicated to her. "Mother" was the word I used for the second lesson, taking care that she should understand clearly the connection between the word and the woman, to whom she clung so closely, and whom she kissed so often. She quickly learned to spell it, and to make the sign for "father," which was the word next tried, and as quickly learned, and thenceforward spelled many times a day. That she fully comprehended the relation between these two words and the persons they designated, the fact that she would make the sign for the word the instant her mother or father entered the room where she sat ought to be conclusive proof.

Upon my first introduction into the family, her father said to me, "I love Sophia more than all the rest of my children, because of her great affliction," and during the entire period of my sojourn with them his conduct towards her uniformly corroborated his words; while her manner towards him showed plainly that she fully reciprocated his affection. After fifteen days' instruction she surprised me by spelling, without request or prompting, the following words in the order they are given: finger, father, tin cup, teacup, window, head, heart, stone, nose, ear, water, mother, apron, hat, collar, man, apple, table, thumb, baby. The last word, "baby," became a great favorite with her, and few things afforded her more pleasure than being allowed to hold a child. With all a mother's tenderness, she would hush a young babe or little child to sleep, seeming to know the instant they awoke or cried. Whenever her little nieces or nephews visited at her home she would have them sleep with her, claiming the privilege of undressing them at night and dressing them again in the morning; always doing the latter with precision, or, if she made a mistake, quickly discovering and rectifying it.

After I had been with Sophia a few weeks her sister's baby died, and as Mrs. Hutson was in feeble health and liable to die suddenly of heart disease, I thought the shock would be less severe to Sophia if she could have some idea beforehand of what death is. So, watching my opportunity, I led her to the dead baby, and placing my hands upon its face and limbs, showed her how cold and motionless it was; then spelled "baby is dead." When the coffin was brought in and the lid removed, I led her to it, and let her examine it carefully; then I made her notice how a lady took the body up and placed it in the coffin. When the lady held the baby near her face she kissed it tenderly, and wanted to take it in her arms. Had she been allowed, I verily believe she would have tried to warm it to life again. When the coffin lid was fastened, I again had her notice it, telling her when it was borne away that the men would put it into a grave, but that the baby's soul had gone to live with God in heaven. Had it been summer time I would have given her some idea of what a grave is by taking her into the garden, digging a hole in the ground, and burying a doll; but as it was mid-winter I could not carry my object-lesson so far. About a year afterwards I learned that her father was dead. That she missed him greatly I can but think. One of his ways of comforting her when she cried was to take her to a store and buy her candy, of which she was very fond. Early in the spring some one gave her a lump of maple sugar, which she insisted on sharing with me. I taught her to spell the name, and although during the summer we had no more to remind her of it, she would sometimes spell the name. "Apple" was another word she very often spelled, and when the family supply was exhausted, and kind friends brought me some, she invariably knew it, and received part of them as a reward for her sharpness. When summer came she took good care that I shared in the various fruits their garden produced.

Sophia had learned to knit and sew before I knew her, and when I tried to teach her to do crotchet-work she seemed delighted; she learned the two principal stitches in a short time, and during the next six months she made several lamp-mats and tidies. Indeed, she enjoyed crotcheting so much that she would often stop her lessons and spell "lamp-mat," meaning thereby to ask me to get her crotchet work.

About the house she was very useful; she could pare fruit and vegetables nicely, set and clear the table, wash, wipe, and put away dishes with scrupulous exactness; she also made her own bed, and folded clothes after the weekly washing and ironing was done, generally assigning each article to its proper place or owner without mistake. She could run up and down stairs with astonishing rapidity, and was frequently sent down cellar upon errands when other members of the family did not care to take the trouble of lighting a lamp, the darkness and light being alike to her; or, at her father's bidding, she would go up stairs and get his hat, determining by touching his clothes whether he wanted his best or common hat.

At the table she would run her teacup along the edge of her saucer after pouring tea or coffee, and in various other ways was careful not to soil the table-cloth or her clothing. She generally seemed to judge by smell what was on the table. She was exceedingly fond of fruit, yet was never greedy, and she seemed to enjoy her dainties most when she shared them with others.

During the summer I spent in Mr. Hutson's family severe drought in that region reduced the supply of water in the streams and wells to a very inconvenient degree. They were supplied with drinking water from a well a few rods from my window. Sophia frequently came to my window out of lesson hours, and, reaching over the flower-bed which ran along that side of the house, leaned against the sill and asked for my tumbler in her peculiar way. When I gave it to her she would turn to the well, carefully lower the bucket, and having satisfied herself that it was partly or entirely full, as carefully draw it up, fill the glass and return it to me, her face beaming with intensest satisfaction. Although the water was miserably roily, it tasted delicious coming from her hands; and the memory of her thoughtful kindness will refresh my spirit in many a future hour when pain or trouble make me faint or weary.

Her nerves seemed to be very sensitive to the vibrations of sound; musical sounds especially afforded her much pleasure. Often she would push her sister towards the piano, and would herself kneel or sit beside the instrument in an attitude of close attention, sometimes expressing her pleasure by merry laughter.

She took much interest in the making of new garments, especially if they were her own, feeling of every part with most critical care. A new dress, apron, collar, or ribbons afforded her as much pleasure as such things do the majority of young ladies. I often found her standing before a looking-glass arranging her hair, collar, or ribbon, or trying on her mother's bonnet, apparently with as much satisfaction as if she could see the reflection. Another thing she frequently did was to go and try to find out the time. This she was as likely to do when the room was totally dark as when it was light.

She distinguished currency from other paper, and when an old friend of her father's gave her a two dollar bill she expressed her appreciation by spelling "New dress." When asked if she would not buy candy with it, she spelled decidedly "No." She was very fond of flowers and leaves, and seemed highly gratified one winter day when I directed her attention to a monthly rose. After letting her touch its delicate petals, inhale its fragrance, and notice the peculiarities of the bush which bore it, I taught her to spell "rose" and "leaf." Often after that lesson, she would point towards the house plants and spell these words. When summer came she greatly delighted to be led about the garden, to be allowed to pass her hands over the various shrubs and flowers, to enjoy the fragrance of the blossoms and learn their names.

She was easily frightened and much annoyed by insects. One day during a lesson the flies troubled us. Sophia expressed a wish to leave the room, and, promising to return shortly, she went out. In a few moments she returned, holding in her hand two small twigs broken from a white lilac bush, which grew close against the long portico that fronted the house. Smiling merrily, as though she thought she had triumphed over a foe, she handed me one of the twigs, and sitting down, began vigorously brushing away the tormentors with the other. As it was then quite early in the summer, and we had not previously used even a fan or newspaper for a like purpose, I was as much surprised as delighted at this proof of inventive and defensive ability.

I was with her not quite ten months, during which time she learned to spell the names of many objects in and about the house and grounds; my plan always being, by simple object-lessons, to give her the names of things with which she came in daily contact, rather than to teach her a few sentences which she would seldom need to use, believing that, as her stock of names increased, she would perhaps form sentences herself.

After I had been with her three months I began teaching her to make figures. She soon convinced me that she possessed both taste and talent for numbers, and in a short time learned to write the digits. The multiplication table she learned in a short time. She would pass her fingers down any column I designated, usually being about ten minutes doing so; then would spell each number correctly.

During the last seven months I was with her I tried to teach her to write, and she made every effort to learn, but the time proved too short; though she learned to write her name, "Sophia," and the word "eat" tolerably well. I believe, despite the little progress we made, that, with patient instruction, she would in time have learned to write very legible script. She recognized certain words by laying her hand over mine while I was writing, proving that she knew them by spelling them correctly afterward. The name of her first teacher, Mr. J. B. Howell, was one she invariably recognized in this way, although I never gave her any intimation that I intended writing it. She also frequently made his initials with her fingers, as he had taught her to do; then, placing her hands over mine, would wait for me to write his name in full; and always, whether I wrote or spelled it, her face was all aglow with smiles and blushes. She cherished a very grateful regard for him, and during the first two or three months of my time with her, on Wednesday afternoons—the time when he had been accustomed to give her lessons—after dressing herself neatly, she would sit down by the window, and, pressing her face against the glass, watch for his coming. Her eager, expectant attitude, and her looks of keen disappointment because he did not come, were extremely touching.

Another word she delighted to spell, and always recognized when I wrote it, was "sun." When I first spelled the word to her we were standing before a window into which the spring sunbeams were shining brightly; I spelled the word slowly, and made her understand that the object, which produced the warmth and brightness which she felt, was above us and far off; she spelled the word after me, then pulling one eye open with her fingers, she leaned against the glass, straining, with all her might, to see the wonderful source of light and heat; not succeeding, she tried with the other eye in the same way; then, finding all effort useless, she reached up her hand, caught a little of the delicious warmth, and again spelled "sun."

In my own seasons of blindness, and relief therefrom, I had quoted King Solomon's assertion, "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing to behold the sun." But while I stood beside that fair girl as she struggled in vain to look upon them, the words assumed a depth, a force of meaning, entirely inexpressible.

A day or two before Christmas, Miss C., who always took a lively interest in Sophia's progress, called to see us, accompained by her sister, who had just returned from Europe. They brought a copy of the Lord's Prayer in raised letters. I looked upon it with intensest satisfaction, and remarked to Sophia's father, "It is one of the most precious things that could be given her." To my astonishment, not to say regret, he replied, "No; she cannot understand about God." But firmly believing that the Holy Spirit would help her to understand it, I had her study the sweet prayer which in a few words compre-

[*Continued on Third Page.*]

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

ADVICE WORTH HEEDING.

CINCINNATI, O., April 7, 1879.

DEAR FRIEND RIDER:—Allow me to occupy a little space in your most excellent paper to convey some thoughts that have been in my mind for a length of time. And while I shall use plainness of speech, I write kindly. As you and many of your readers know, I am deeply interested in all deaf-mutes, having in my own family a member of the fraternity, my own dear Leonora C. Gray. Therefore, being no stranger to this large class, I write the things that have come under my personal observation frequently.

I would ask this plain question, Why is it that mutes are so addicted to speaking one against the other? It seems to be a common practice. Is it, sir, the fault of their education? So often is it that, instead of meeting for mutual help and benefit, as speaking persons do, and conversing about things and the occurrences of the day, they talk about people.

For one I am inclined to trace this fault to a distaste for reading. The habit is formed, I judge, in school. They study mechanically; they graduate as rapid talkers in signs; they use many words to express themselves, but few are thinkers and but few realize the importance of what they say or tell.

The more refined of our mutes, coming from good families, keenly feel these failings in those similarly afflicted with themselves, and are compelled by the force of circumstances to mingle with many of this order, or be shut out entirely from society. Let our deaf-mutes be told that they can not slander and be thought well of, they will soon learn an important lesson. So few of them are to be trusted in fidelity one to the other.

Your paper is high-toned, and if the patrons of it would heed the lessons therein given, we would ere long see a different order of deaf-mutes. Gossip is to be deprecated under all circumstances, and those afflicted should cultivate the most amiable traits of character, so that those who would be glad to help and serve them might not be hindered.

"He who steals our wealth steals trash,
But he who robs us of our good name
Does not enrich himself, but makes us poor indeed."

Yesterday, Sunday, the 6th inst., was an interesting one to our deaf-mute friends here in Cincinnati. Rev. A. W. Mann held a service at 3 o'clock in St. John's (Episcopal) Church, and after the services were over a party of friends came by invitation to our home, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Vance, of Newport, Ky., Mrs. Smithson, of Newport, Mr. Barrick of Cincinnati, and some others. We all took our supper together, and the writer, being the only speaking person present, felt more than ever the great blessing of the beautiful sign-language to enable these dear friends to converse so readily one with the other. They all paid Leonora a neat compliment by partaking heartily of her biscuits, cakes, and other articles which she had herself prepared with her own hands for the entertainment of her new friends in the Queen City. Long live the happy group is the wish and prayer of their friend, MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

AN INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES IN MAINE.

MR. EDITOR:—A paragraph having gone the rounds of the deaf-mute press to the effect that an institution for deaf-mutes was to be established in Maine, please allow me to present the facts of the case. It is true that for several years past application has been repeatedly made for such an institution by different parties, and the writer was urged to lend a helping hand. With this object in view, I consulted a fellow-townsman who has long held important official positions at the State House. He approved of the project, and was willing to yield it the weight of his influence, but candidly stated that from his knowledge of affairs at the Capital, and the financial condition of the State Treasury, etc., he thought any efforts in this direction during the present hard times would prove futile. Therefore I did nothing more in the premises.

The subject was again under discussion during the late session of our Legislature, but the nearest approach made to a State institution was a proposition by certain Portland Members to send the deaf-mutes to the "School for the Deaf" at Portland. After further debate, it was finally decided to allow them their choice between the latter school and the American Asylum. The Portland school is conducted on Bell's System, after the manner of the "Horace Mann School for the Deaf" in Boston, and is under the charge of Miss Barton and her assistant.

I am informed that the State pays out something like $12,000 annually for the support of its blind and deaf-mute beneficiaries at Hartford and South Boston. A large sum truly to send out of the State. I have strong hope that Maine will yet establish an institution within her borders for both the above-mentioned classes. And when the good time arrives, it is to be devoutly desired "a new departure" may be taken in deaf-mute education. After upwards of sixty years' trial of the French system, it is tacitly admitted by many leading instructors that there is still room for improvement. The knotty problem of teaching deaf-mutes the art of written language still baffles the brains of the wisest instructors, and for one I am of opinion that it might as well be abandoned, and the time be devoted to teaching them the thorough mastery of a good trade. The majority of deaf-mutes come from the working class, with whom the main question is the means whereby they may obtain a livelihood. And with these it is noticeable that after leaving their *alma mater*, they carry on intercourse with their relatives, friends, and neighbors mainly through the sign language. Why is this so? Simply because the deaf-mute, with his limited command of written language, finds himself more readily understood in signs than through the medium of his unintelligible, mirth-provoking, backward English.

Prof. Pond's article on the trades, in the *Annals*, and Prof. Emery's suggestions, in a late issue of the *Mirror* in regard to a change in the method of conducting deaf-mute schools, with Mr. Rider's excellent suggestions on housekeeping, etc., all have the force of practical common sense and should be heeded. Yours truly,

A. E. A.

Dixmont, Me., April 7, 1879.

MAINE DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION.

The Legislature of Maine are considering a bill which is before them. The provisions of this bill are, as it is understood, in connection with the establishing of a new institution for the deaf-mutes of Maine and its surroundings. It may be anticipated that the Legislature of that State will act judiciously and see to the necessity of such a school.—*Deaf-Mute Leader.*

The above is all bosh. It was evidently enlarged from my article in the JOURNAL. The Maine Legislature passed a bill giving parents their choice of sending their mute children to the American Asylum or the Portland, Me., Articulation School.

Charles Harding, of Edgecomb, Me., has requested Geo. E. Fischer, our popular secretary of the Lincoln Deaf-Mute Society, to prepare an application for State aid for his little daughter, Mabel. It is not decided yet to which school she will be sent. They are awaiting further particulars of the Portland school. But Mr. Fischer advises them to send her to Hartford.

RAMBLER.

LAWRENCE NOTES.

LAWRENCE, Mass., April 7, 1879.

DEAR EDITOR:—A social gathering of hearing friends and deaf-mutes in this city and Haverhill was held on Wednesday evening last, at the house of Mr. J. Taylor, "the celebrated deaf-mute coal miner," as he is termed, the occasion being his fiftieth birthday. There was everything provided for a good time and everything denoted a pleasant time; we were received with such a welcome as the flowers in May have, by his very kind wife and family, who always seem to make all that go to see them feel as if they were at home. He has two children, a fine young lady aged 21, and his son 18; they, like their mother, hear and speak. The children were raised in Indiana. Mr. Taylor is not quite a deaf-mute, but is, what they term, a semi-mute. He has a very large, handsome engraving of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Manchester, England, similar to one now in possession of Mrs. James Budlong, of Providence, R. I., mentioned in your paper about two years ago by Mr. Job Turner, as you will recollect. Mr. Taylor was educated there from 1841 to 1846. He also has a pretty picture, representing a large English farm cottage, from a drawing by Birket Foster, which was brought across the ocean. There is a beautiful poem on it which I would like you to print in the JOURNAL:

The stately homes of England!
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land!

The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam;
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

PROF. JOB TURNER'S APPOINTMENTS.

Mr. Job Turner, deaf-mute missionary, acting under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will, (D. V.,) visit the following places to hold divine service for deaf-mutes and those interested in their welfare.

Wed'day,	April 16,	Charleston,	W. Va.
Friday,	" 18th,	Maysville,	Ky.
Sunday,	" 20th,	Danville,	Ky.
Wednesday,	" 23d,	Lexington,	Ky.
Friday,	" 25th	Frankfort,	Ky.
Sunday,	" 27th,	Louisville,	Ky.
Wednesday,	"30th,	Bowling Green	Ky.
Friday,	May 2d,	Hopkinsville,	Ky.
Sunday,	" 4th,	Nashville,	Tenn.
Wednesday,	" 7th,	Jackson,	Tenn.
Sunday,	" 11th,	Memphis,	Tenn.
Wednesday,	" 14th,	Little Rock,	Ark.
Sunday,	" 18th,	Austin,	Texas.
Wednesday,	" 21st,	Houston,	Texas.
Sunday,	" 25th,	Galveston,	Texas.
Friday,	" 30th,	Jackson,	Miss.
Sunday,	June 1st,	New Orleans,	La.
Wednesday,	" 4th,	Mobile,	Ala.
Sunday	" 8th,	Montgomery,	Ala.
Tuesday,	" 10th,	Atlanta,	Ga.
Wednesday,	" 11th,	Macon,	Ga.
Sunday,	" 15th,	Savannah,	Ga.
Sunday,	" 22d,	Charleston,	S. C.
Wed'sday,	" 25th,	Wilmington,	N. C.
Friday,	" 27th,	Goldboro,	N. C.
Sunday,	" 29th,	Petersburg,	Va.
Wednesday,	July 2d,	Annapolis,	Md.
Sunday,	" 6th,	Baltimore,	Md.
Monday,	" 7th,	York,	Penn.
Wednesday,	" 9th,	Wil'ngton,	Del.
Thursday,	" 10th,	Phil'lphia,	Pa.
Sunday,	" 13th,	Boston,	Mass.

—Yung Wing, a member of the class of 1854 at Yale, has given the Yale college library nearly 400 Chinese books.

WILLIAM LIBBEAS BIRD.

BY JOHN C. BULL, M. A., HARTFORD, CONN.

[From the American Annals for April.]

THE Institution at Hartford had scarcely begun to recover from the severe blow that fell upon it in the sudden and untimely death of its principal, Mr. Edward Collins Stone, when it was again shocked by the intelligence that another of its young and most promising officers, Mr. William L. Bird, lay very low with typhoid-pneumonia at his sister's home in Forestville, Conn. The last word received from him, on Saturday, January 11, left no ray of hope. On Monday the tidings came that Mr. Bird had passed away on Saturday evening, just three weeks from the death of Mr. Stone, and, like him, after an enforced absence from daily duties of only one week.

The death of Mr. Bird is a great loss to the profession generally, and especially to the Institution with which he was immediately connected. It is also a heavy loss to the large and rapidly increasing class of educated deaf-mutes, who stand in especial need of competent and trusted leaders. Mr. Bird's force of mind and high character would naturally have raised him in coming years to an influential place in their counsels.

William Libbeas Bird was born in Prospect, Conn., November 18, 1849. His father, John L. Bird, came to Connecticut from Windsor, Broome county, New York, and married in 1842 Julia A. Sandford, of Prospect. William L. was the second son, and the fourth of eleven children. A few months after his birth the family removed to Naugatuck, Conn. Nothing occurred to mar the happiness of William's early childhood. He had full possession of all his natural powers. At the usual age he began to attend the village school, going at least for one season, and learning to read in words of one syllable. But in the spring of 1856, when six and a half years old, he was brought to the verge of the grave by scarlet fever, from the effects of which he recovered only to grow up totally deaf and with vital powers sensibly weakened. The little boy was old enough to realize to a considerable degree the calamity that had come upon him. His family friends remember the effect produced upon his sensitive spirit. He at once began to withdraw from the society of his mates, finding, as the years went on, his chief delight in roaming the fields and woods with his dog and gun. In this way of life he was fortunate, if not consciously wise; for by it he was gaining bodily vigor, and through the cultivation of his observing powers and a close familiarity with nature, was laying the best foundation for the more complete education that he was afterwards to receive.

In 1858, at the age of nine and a half years, he became a pupil of the Institution at Hartford. Like many other deaf-mutes of fine abilities who retain some knowledge of words and the forms of language, he made rapid progress. In 1860 the writer took charge of the class of which Bird was a member, and he readily recalls how soon he learned to turn to that bright, upturned face for an intelligent response. In 1861, only three years after he entered the Institution, he was advanced to its High Class, then under the care of Mr. J. A. Ayres. In a letter to the writer, Mr. Ayres speaks as follows of Mr. Bird's course in the High Class:

"He entered the High Class when very young, a quiet, diffident boy. He had not been long connected with the Institution, and could use the language of signs but imperfectly. It was some time before he took the position which he was really able to take, and which he afterward steadily held as a scholar, having no superior and perhaps no equal in his class. This was not a leadership in which he was *facile princeps*, for most of the class were older and more experienced, and all of them were clear-headed, hard-working scholars, and thoroughly ambitious of improvement."

In 1866 Mr. Bird entered the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., graduating in 1870 with the highest honors. In a letter from which I shall make several extracts, Professor Samuel Porter gives this account of his college career:

"He took all the honors we had to give, viz., the prize for the best examination for admission to the Freshman Class, and the Valedictory address on graduation. His average of marks of recitations and examinations through the course must be as high as, if not higher than, that of any student we have graduated. In general scholarship I think he cannot have been excelled by any, if equalled, though one or two may have been his superiors in some special lines of study."

After graduation Mr. Bird was employed for a few months in the Census Bureau at Washington, resigning in January, 1871, on receiving the appointment of teacher of the High Class of the Institution at Staunton, Va. Here he remained for the rest of the school year, giving entire satisfaction, though this was his first experience in teaching.

In the autumn of 1871 Mr. Bird was invited to become a teacher in the Institution at Hartford. His worth was already well known there. No doubt could be felt of the wisdom of the appointment. There came, also, from the officers of the College at Washington the most earnest and hearty recommendations. High hopes, indeed, were entertained of his success, but the event fully justified them. Mr. Bird accepted this appointment with the greatest pleasure. It was a situation that exactly suited him. It brought him near to his family friends, and placed him amid old associations of the pleasantest character. It gave him the prospect of permanent employment in a work to which he was himself excellently suited. To do this work to the best of his ability was now his chief object in life. He accordingly threw himself into it with the greatest enthusiasm, identifying himself wholly with the interests of the Institution. His work in the class-room was intelligent and thorough, and his moral, religious, and disciplinary influence over his pupils always excellent. He was also a real friend to the pupils, ever ready with his advice and sympathy, and was wholly free from any disagreeable assumption of dignity. He knew how to unbend naturally, and be a boy among the boys, and still preserve their respect. He took the greatest interest in the sports of the boys, and the victories they won at base-ball over their speaking and hearing opponents were enjoyed by him with as keen a zest as by them. He was not above coasting on the snow, and himself owned a famous "double-ripper," with which he was accustomed to share with them in this exciting sport. His genuine politeness, born of his manliness and gentleness and perfect unselfishness, and his bright intelligence, ever manifesting itself in interesting remark or story, or coruscating in joke or repartee, made him a no less welcome companion in the parlor of the matron, or in the sitting-room of the girls, or on the croquet ground. There was sincere mourning throughout the whole school when the sad news came that we should see his face no more.

On the 7th of July, 1875, Mr. Bird was married to Miss Gertrude Emerson, a graduate of the High Class, and for several years a teacher in the Institution at Hartford. At the time of Mr. Bird's illness Mrs. Bird was absent at an establishment for invalids in Pennsylvania, unhappily too ill herself to travel, and therefore unable to be with her husband in his last hours.

The incidents of this simple, quiet life are few, and the story of them is soon told. Mr. Bird died before he had completed his thirtieth year, and yet his career was a remarkably successful one. This appears in the record that we have made. In looking more closely for the grounds of his success, it is evident, first of all, that Mr. Bird possessed rare powers of mind. Says Prof. Porter: "Mr. Bird was remarkable for reflective thoughtfulness and for mental acuteness and sound sense, in a degree uncommon for one of his age." But this strength of mind and force of character did not show themselves at first sight. A reserve of manner that was something more than modesty, and verged upon shyness, hindered a full appreciation of his abilities. His powers were also so harmoniously developed that no one of them stood out very prominently and challenged attention. But Mr. Bird had in a high degree the intellectual strength that comes from breadth of view, combined with acuteness of perception. He could look upon all sides of a subject, and at the same time with keenness of vision penetrate to the heart of it. Consequently, his judgment was sound and reliable. The work that fell to him to do he could be trusted to do well. His labors in the class-room were always rightly directed, and characterized by proportion and system. Mr. Bird had early advanced beyond the immature state from which so many deaf-mutes never merge, and was able to view affairs in the same light as those do who can speak and hear. So complete was his emancipation from "deaf-mutism," that his fellow-teachers were accustomed to accord great weight to his opinions. Mr. Stone, the late principal, had formed a high estimate of his abilities, and in the discharge of his own multifarious duties often relied upon him in cases where he could be of peculiar assistance.

Mr. Bird had, in a notable degree, an appreciation of wit and humor. Inability to apprehend a joke, not to mention the entire absence of a fine sense of humor, is a common fact among deaf-mutes; but Mr. Bird took in a humorous situation at a glance, his face lighting up in instant recognition of the point of a witticism or comical story. He was himself skilful in telling stories in signs, and was often selected to entertain distinguished visitors at the Institution.

Mr. Bird's knowledge of language was singularly complete and idiomatic. His writings, from his earliest schoolboy compositions, published in the annual reports of the Institution, down to his latest production, which appeared in the number of the *Annals* just before his death, show, for one who became deaf at so early an age, a remarkable understanding of the meaning and force of words, and an ability to combine them into effective sentences. As a specimen of his prose style, we quote the closing paragraph of his Valedictory Oration at the National Deaf-Mute College in 1870. The subject of the Oration is "Beauty:"

"Beauty may be used as a snare and a temptation to evil, but in its own nature it tends only to refine and elevate. It is repellant of what is low and debasing, and is the best means of supplanting and replacing the allurements which corrupt and degrade. We are apt to disparage beauty when we contrast it with utility. It is, in fact, itself a utility of a higher order than the utilities which pertain merely to our physical existence. It is intimately connected with the nobler wants of the soul, and its supreme end is to lead us up to the Infinite Fountain of beauty Himself, who created us in His own image, that thus our souls may be purified and blessed, and made fit for the enjoyment of those eternal beauties which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.'"

Mr. Bird was also a poet, not only in feeling and thought, but in his mastery of language and rhythm, which was considerable enough to enable him to express himself in poetical forms with real grace and power. Though his outward ear was closed, his inward ear was open to all music. We select the following specimens of his verse from several found among his writings:

"THE OCEAN."

"I stand alone
On wave-washed stone,
To fathom thine immensity.
With merry glance,
Thy wide expanse
Smiles, oh! so brightly, upon me!
Art thou my friend, blue sparkling sea?

"With your cool breeze
My brow you ease,
And brush the pain and care away.
Your waves, the while,
With sunny smile,
Around my feet, in snowy spray
Of fleecy lightness, dance and play."

"Methinks I know
That, as you blow,
You try to whisper secrets light
Of silver strands
In far-off lands,
Where never known is sombre night,
And all is beauty to the sight.

"So light of heart,
So void of art,
Your waves' low laugh is mocking me.
I hear their voice:
'Come, play, rejoice,
Come, be as happy as are we.
Why should you not thus happy be?

"Alas! I know
That, deep below
And tangled up in sea-weeds, lies,
Where light dares not
Disturb the spot,
He who alone can cheer my eyes.
O sea! why wear this sparkling guise?"

And this in quite another vein:

"A VISION."

"Pretty little Nellie,
Dancing, oh, so blithely,
Down the path to meet me,
Coming quick to greet me.
Curls so brightly golden,
Scarce in order holden,
On the white neck lying,
In the sunshine flying.
Sparkling eyes of gladness,
Where unknown is sadness,
Cheeks with pleasure flushing,
Face with welcome blushing.
All with beauty beaming,
All an angel seeming,
Coming down to meet me,
Coming quick to greet me."

Mr. Bird fully realized the importance of keeping his mind fresh by adding to its stores of information, and of renewing its vigor and enlarging its powers by constant reflection. He had an eager thirst for knowledge for its own sake. Having access to large and valuable libraries in the city, he read many books as well as the best of the current magazine literature. So far as his moderate means would allow, he had begun to collect a library of his own, and it is pleasant to find, in looking over its contents, a number of the higher English poets, several publications relating to the fine arts and so very small a proportion of works of but transient interest. Mr. Bird was a growing man, and could not be satisfied with a literary life measured only by the demands of the daily round of his professional duties.

When we turn to consider the moral and religious nature of Mr. Bird, we find even more to admire and respect than in his intellectual character and attainments. While overflowing with all boyish vivacity, we doubt if any act of his, in the whole course of his education, merited reproof. Says Prof. Porter: "He was wholly without fault, so far as appeared to others, and was characterized throughout by a 'sweet reasonableness,'"—a happy phrase that throws a flood of light upon the nature of the man, and seems to set him distinctly before us. If he erred at all, it was on the side of too great modesty and self-abnegation, though this does not seem to have extended to such an under-estimate of himself as to weaken his executive force or lead him to decline any responsibility. He was also totally free from any tinge of jealousy, especially of his speaking and hearing friends. He took great delight in social intercourse, and those who had the good fortune to possess his acquaintance found him a warm and true friend. To quote again from Prof. Porter: "His most intimate friendships were rather with those to whom his friendship would be of service, than with those whose friendship would be of service to him. This was one of the most distinctly marked traits in his character." He was full of practical benevolence, and while he viewed with surprise and regret the growing tendency among deaf-mutes to become discontented with the honest callings on which alone they can reasonably depend for a livelihood, and while he had nothing but contempt for those of them who are willing practically to take up the profession of a tramp, under whatever guise they choose to cloak it, he had at the same time the kindest feelings for all in want or trouble, and was ever ready to aid them with his counsel and his purse.

In regard to Mr. Bird's religious views, we have evidence that they were founded on an intelligent survey of the whole subject. Among his papers we find discussions of some of the cardinal doctrines of Christianity, conducted in a perfectly candid manner and reverent spirit, but which show that he had re-examined those great truths which he had taken upon trust in his school days, and had settled them again for himself. Whatever doubts he may have had we know were all eventually cleared up, for in the winter of 1872 he offered himself for admission to the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, in Hartford, on profession of his faith in Christ. The usual examination of the candidate in to the grounds of his faith was made by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Twichell, by writing. The answers returned to the questions put were so striking, in the clearness and fulness with which they set forth points of doctrine and practice, that the pastor preserved them. The following selection made from them throws much light upon Mr. Bird's religious thought and experience.

"What does it mean to believe in Christ?"

"To believe in Christ is to feel and know that we are in sin, therefore under the just condemnation of God, and in need of His (Christ's) saving grace, and to feel and know that he can and will save us if we ask him aright."

"What do you think is the sign that a man does believe in Christ? that is, how shall you or I know that we believe in Him?"

"It seems to me that there are few visible signs which could show that one believed in Christ. We might infer the existence of the belief in its effects. There would be a feeling of great peace to the believer, his constant improvement in doing what is right, and showing a love of it and holiness."

"Then you think that if there is true Christian faith there will be a life to correspond?"

"I know many who strive to be exemplary Christians do not succeed in reaching a good standard as such, but I have heard it said that one who strives *to be* a Christian *is* a Christian. The only danger is he may not strive hard enough."

Mr. Bird's Christian life was a consistent one down to his last hours. When he realized his condition and knew that death was near, he was perfectly resigned. His last words were: "Tell all my friends that I am not afraid to die," and "God bless my dear wife." The death of Mr. Stone, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy, affected him deeply. In letters to his wife, written soon after that event, there seems to be a foreshadowing of his own death. He says: "It brings heaven and the spiritual life nearer to us to have our freinds die, and we realize that we ourselves are going the same road." And again in another letter: "We shall all meet them before long, safe and happy forever. God is good."

After dwelling with so much fullness upon a life so simple and unassuming, and necessarily shut out from the great world that may never have heard a whisper of its virtues, we ask ourselves whether in our loving fondness we have been led to exalt it unduly. But when we measure this man by any just standard, do we find him falling short of its requirements? In intellect he showed a remarkable degree of force, that rose to very creditable displays of poetic power in spite of the obvious and seemingly insuperable obstacles to its expression. In scholarship he reached the highest standards set by his teachers, surpassing all of his fellows. All the years of his life he was busy increasing the stores of his knowledge. He was possessed of excellent executive powers, and developed great skill in teaching. In his moral nature he was absolutely without guile. And, guileless himself, he suspected no guile in others. He was modest and retiring, yet wholly manly and self-reliant. Having a just estimate of his own powers, his bearing among others was such as to command their respect. He was truthful, not only in words, but in action. His conscientiousness was so strong that he neglected nothing, forgot nothing. He was kind, sympathizing, tender, benevolent. To crown all, he possessed a simple, child-like faith in God, that blossomed and fruited in Christ-like conduct; the goodness of the man ever shining in his face, and going out from his countless acts of love, making him a rare example of that noblest type of humanity, the Christian gentleman.

As diamonds in the rough may be trodden under foot of the careless passer-by, so some of God's human jewels may remain unseen, yet they are for this reason none the less precious or radiant with an inward beauty.

"Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

"God judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won;
In His vast world above,
A broader world of love,
God hath some grand employment for His son."

[Continued from Second Page.]

hends all the needs of humanity, and when I left her she could could spell it correctly.

One day, wishing to give her a clearer idea of prayer, I led her to my room, and, kneeling beside the bed, had her do the same; I then placed my hands so that she could touch them, and by signs repated the prayer she was learning. With an eagerness and look not easily described she followed my every motion, seeming to comprehend and share in the solemnity I felt. She seemed instinctively to know the Bible was superior to all other books, and would often turn from her lessons and spell "book," meaning for me to take my pocket Bible or large Testament and tell her a story, or spell an easy verse for her to memorize. If I took up any other book she would immediately be dissatisfied, and spell "book" again and again, until I took up the sacred volume; she would then smile contentedly, and eagerly attend to whatever story or passage I chose to communicate.

About midsummer a primer in raised letters was procured for her, and she had regular lessons in reading and spelling; no word seemed too long for her to spell after she had read it over once or twice. The first time she noticed the word God in her reading lesson, she smiled, and, bending her head towards the page, she tried to look at it; with the word Jesus it was the same.

For the droll she seemed to have a lively appreciation. One day her lesson was a piece in verse on "Early Rising." It began with the assertion—

He who would thrive, must rise at five,"

and went on arguing through the numbers, reaching as a climax,

"He who would thrive quite, must sit up all night."

The look of amusement which came into her face, and increased as she read along, showed that she both understood and appreciated the advice.

She often amused herself by trying to read from any book or newspaper which chanced to be at hand, passing her finger over the page as if she were following the line, and moving her head from side to side as many people do while reading. Of course, she did not always get her book or paper right-end up, but that made no difference; the bottom affording her as much information as the top.

She soon discovered that she was larger and stronger than I, and often during the last months of my stay with her she would catch me, draw me down into her lap, and hold me tightly with her left hand, while with her right hand she spelled the prayer, or some verse which happened to come into her mind. One of the Scripture passages I taught her—the one, indeed, which she seemed to like the best—was the sweet assurance of our Saviour, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." She learned to spell this verse in a short time, and repeated it often with such evident satisfaction that I could but believe the precious peace it promises was in her heart. On the last day of my labor as her teacher I said to her, "My heart aches and is troubled, because I must leave you" I could not doubt that she understood me, for she instantly laid her left hand over my heart and held it there for several minutes, while with her right hand she spelled again, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Two weeks later, when ready to return to my Western home, I went to pay her a farewell visit. She seemed pleased to have me with her again, and with evident pride showed me two small tidies she had completed in the interval of my absence. At the table, instead of simply holding forward her plate or cup, as she had been accustomed to do, she spelled the name of whatever she wanted; and, as if to compensate me for the journey of a thousand miles I, while feeble and half blind, had made all alone for her sake, and also for the solicitude I should always feel for her, she drew me into her lap in her affectionate way, and spelled several times in succession, "I love you."

After I had been with Sophia a few months I thought that Laura Bridgman would be interested to hear of one afflicted like herself; accordingly I wrote to her of my pupil and my efforts to teach her, mentioning my own condition merely as a proof that I could truly sympathize with her and Sophia in their greater deprivations. In reply, she wrote the following note:

"BOSTON, March 24, 1874.

"DEAR MISS FULLER: I am happy to write a reply to your letter, which came duly to me a few weeks ago. I have much compassion in the case for you, that you are deprived of seeing and hearing. God deals very graciously with those that are afflicted. I should like to see you, and also Sophia, and to become acquainted with you. I pray God for His people daily; He careth for them; Jesus is an unfailing friend for us; He is my light. I enjoy myself so highly. I hope that Sophia will make good progress in learning many years. She will be truly happy. You will be a teacher for her a long time if God permits. I devote a great deal of time to reading "Old Curiosity Shop" this term; I am almost through. I knew C. Dickens years ago. I shall be glad to hear of you again.

Yours truly,

"L. D. BRIDGMAN."

The claims of the deaf and the blind to education at public expense is now conceded by all well-informed humane people, and those who give the subject due consideration agree that it is a tedious task to educate them; but few, even of the most humane and observant, realize the *double claim* to education which a child who is both deaf and blind holds against society; or, if they grant the claim, they are apt to expect too much improvement in a short time, forgetting the increased difficulty which the teacher of a child thus afflicted has to struggle against. It is conceded by all who are acquainted with the subject that, when once a deaf or blind child really does begin to learn, it is highly important to continue without interruption; while, in the case of a child who has the double misfortune, it is of even greater importance. It was, therefore, with deep regret that I gave up my work of teaching Sophia when her mind seemed just ready to burst into bloom.

Sophia was ever interesting to me, awake or asleep; and when any one approached to waken her my heart protested with the author of "The Blind Sleeper:"

"Let her sleep on;
Her heart is weary of the dark;
Let her sleep on.
Who knows? In dream-land she may see
Bright scenes that, in her waking, flee;
So let her be.

"Let her sleep on;
Her lips, so patient, part in smiles;
Let her sleep on.
Who knows? She dreams, perchance, of sight;
Shall we wake her to life's night?
No, let her be."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

A bill, providing for biennial instead of annual sessions of the Legislature of New York, has passed both Assembly and Senate, and will be presented for popular vote next fall as required for constitutional amendments.

At the annual meeting of the Society of the Grand Army of the Republic, to take place at Albany, June 18th, Gen. Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, will make the annual address. President Hayes, Gens. Sherman, Sheridan and other distinguished men are expected to be present.

Under a new State law in New Hampshire, women voted at a recent election in Concord for members of the Board of Education. The consequence was nine tickets in the field, and the result was no choice. It is very evident that the caucus system did not prevail in the District.

The name of Hon. Horatio Seymour is first and foremost among those mentioned for the gubernatorial nomination on the Democratic ticket in this State next November. At a meeting of leading Democrats held at the residence of August Belmont in New York recently, a committee was appointed to wait on the ex-Governor to ascertain whether he will allow his name to be used in that connection.

It is said that Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt has paid to the heirs of the late Horace Greeley the money which Cornelius Vanderbilt borrowed from the dead journalist fifteen years ago, and which with interest amounted to something like $57,000. While it was only just to make this restitution, it was a most honorable act on the part of Mr. Vanderbilt, since the estate was in no way responsible for its payment.

The Peruvians and the Bolivians have formed an alliance and they propose to whip Chili. To that end they have declared war against that nation. The quarrel which has led to this conflict arises from the transfer of certain territory to Bolivia on condition that she would not tax the Chilians residing therein. Bolivia ceased to impose taxation, but confiscated certain nitrate works owned by a Chilian company. Chili retaliated by sending troops into Bolivia. Peru offered to meditate, but her offices were not accepted, and so nothing but an earthquake which would swallow up Chilians, Peruvians and Bolivians will avert a conflict.

The Military Board which was appointed to review the case of Fitz-John Porter, have made a report fully exonorating that officer. The report now goes to the President for his action. It is thought he will approve the report. It will close a controversy of fifteen years' standing, and remove a stain from the character of one of the bravest and most efficient of our generals. The decision restores him to the rank of Major General, which he occupied when dismissed from the service, together with all back pay to the present time, which will amount to about $90,000. But he can afford to lose the salary, if the tarnish is brushed from off his fair-fame.

THE BRIDE AND HER DOWRY.

Says the Boston *Herald*: "George B. Sloan, a short, thick set, dark man, wearing a stiff moustache, arose on the speaker's left to address the assembly. Modest in manner, yet knowing well all the intricacies of parliamentary practice, George B. Sloan, of Oswego, is the leader of the purest and ablest wing of the republican party in the assembly. He has been three years there; was speaker in 1878, and barely missed the past year. He is 47 years old, and is looked upon as one of the future governors of the Empire state. He wastes no words, is no orator, and makes his points with the accuracy of a steam drill. His friends say he has but one fault; that he is not aggressive and ugly enough. His manners are cordial, without effusiveness. He impressed me as a man of decided ability. He is in the grain business, and his name is solid in the commercial world."

It certainly looks as though we had seen the worst of the bad times, and that business is recovering all over the country. The New York *Commercial Advertiser*, which keeps a keen eye upon the signs, and feels carefully the pulse of business, says: Advices from all points agree in saying that there has been a general improvement in all lines of trade. Manufacturers report that orders are coming in so rapidly that they are unable to fill them. Factories that have been silent or only running on half time are now all busy. At Troy the iron works are all in full blast, and 1,250 tons of steel rails are being turned out every week. When we recollect the fact that a few years ago we were importing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of steel rails, and that in 1877 the amount bought abroad was only a little over $500 worth, and now that one steel works is turning out over 1,250 tons weekly, and a wonderful transformation is seen. Many of our cutlery makers report that they are unable to fill their orders; the cotton mills at Cohoes and Lowell are running on full time; rolling mills at Portland are running day and night, but cannot fill their orders for months to come, and from all branches of trade and in every industry the same encouraging information comes. The foreign trade of the country, too, continues to increase, the exports from all points being reported larger."

SUNDAY READING.

THE TRUE HEAVEN.

The bliss for which your spirits pine,
That bliss we feel shall yet be given—
Somehow, in some far realm divine,
Some marvelous state we name a heaven—

Is not the bliss of languorous hours,
A glory of calm, measured range,
But life which feeds our noblest powers
On wonders of eternal change;

A heaven of action freed from strife,
With ampler ether for the scope
Of an immeasurable life,
And an unbaffled, boundless hope;

A heaven wherein all discords cease,
Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil,
The core of whose majestic peace
Is God-like power of tireless toil—

Toil without tumult, strain, or jar,
With grandest reach of range indued,
Unchecked by even the farthest star
That trembles through infinitude,

In which to soar to higher heights
Through widening ethers stretched abroad,
Till in our onward, upward flights,
We touch, at last, the feet of God!

Time swallowed in Eternity!
No future evermore, no past,
But one unending Now to be
A boundless circle round us cast.

—*Paul H. Hayne, in Harper's Magazine.*

THE THRALDOM OF EVIL.

Who, among mortals, does not feel, at times, the thraldom of evil; evil desires, evil passions, evil thoughts and evil purposes? And who does not feel unhappy, condemned, degraded, by that thraldom? We all realize, often, the dominance of the animal in our natures, over the spiritual. Animal appetites, animal lusts, perverted passions; anger, jealousy, envy, hatred, pride. Who that yields habitually, or frequently to his lower nature, can boast that he is a freeman? What, a freeman, and restricted in his efforts by a body clogged, enfeebled, diseased by gluttony, or inebriation, or other excesses? A freeman, and the subject of passions that always place him at a disadvantage in social and business intercourse, and bring misery in their train!

As we are all under bondage to sin, subjects of evil, it is a question of the highest importance to every individual, how can I break the chains that bind me; how break down the walls that imprison me; how overcome the evil appetites and passions which enthrall me? All history bears evidence that man cannot overcome evil by his own unaided power, fighting it on its own plane. The master says, "Overcome evil with good." But how are we to get the good? There is not enough of it in man. We must seek it of God, the infinite, eternal Spirit of Goodness and Truth. We must open the heart, and realize the inflowing of the Divine Love into our affections, changing and renewing them in His own likeness; we must open our mind to the reception of Divine Wisdom so that we may know the truth, and the "truth shall make us free."

It is only thus, by having our spirits brought into unison with, and subjection to the spirit of the Father through the Son, that we may be disenthralled, redeemed, elevated out of subjection to our natures and brought to dwell in an atmosphere of love, and bask in the sunlight of eternal truth.

The mortal part of man can not give immortality to any of its works. Our bodies are perishable, and their creations necessarily partake of their transient nature. Therefore, the works of the body perish with the body, or soon thereafter. The treasures that man may heap up, and the places he may build, together with everything else he may do to gratify his pride and ambition, pass away. His friends also die with him, and he is no more known to earth; while future generations look at his name on his gravestone with the same indifference that the blacksmith daily sees the letters and figures on the guide-post, before his shop door, at the cross roads.

Grace is a spring whose waters fail not, though the streams of gifts may be dried up. He that did create it in us, will conserve it in us. Having begun the good work, he will finish it.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—*Rev. Dr. John Hall.*

"BUB" HEARD FROM AGAIN.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I will continue to write some news for your interesting paper. It is always a welcome, and glad visitor at our house, and we will not shut a door to keep it out.

February 24th being the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Rev. Emory T. Swartz and wife, they were surprised by an evening party composed of the pastors and people of Selinsgrove, to the number of about 125, who insisted on a repetition of the original ceremony, when a collation was served by the guests themselves, who left behind them several tables groaning with good things and in the surprised pastor's hand a "fee" of $25.

The happy couple above are Mr. Swartz's brother, and sister-in-law. They are moving to Fairview, Pa. this week, not far, across across the Susquehanna River, from Harrisburg, the capital of this State. They stayed with us for a night. The next day they left for Selinsgrove. We enjoyed their visit.

On the 12th ult. a deaf-mute by the name of John C——, paid a visit to the Catawissa mutes. The next day he left for Danville, Pa., 8 miles from here. He was hunting for a situation as printer. But he said, if in vain, he would have to go to the city of Brotherly Love. He had not seen W. W. S. for about 16 years. W. W. S. was satisfied to hear the following explanation of J. C——; he told him about John Dougherty, of Watkins, N. Y. J. D. was his old class-mate at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf-Mutes. They were there from the year 1859 to 1865. J. D., when at the school, bragged, being proud that he learned through a book (arithmetic), and he was fond of it.

On the 24th ult. N. J. Ellis and the writer went to Bloomsburg, Pa., in order to attend the conference which would continue a week. While there, we had the pleasure of seeing a bright, smiling-faced little girl, named Clara E. Nuss, of ten years next November. She is a deaf-mute, but has improved fast which she showed both by writing some words, and articulating letters. Her father said he was going to send her to the Pennsylvania Deaf-Mute Institution next fall. I hope she will be happy with the kind girls there. Her father is a nice man, and is a clerk in the Prothonotary office. I will write some more for the JOURNAL at another time.

Yours truly,

BUB.

Catawissa, Pa., April 4th. 1879.

RULING WITH A "ROD OF IRON."

BOSTON, April 7, 1879.

DEAR EDITOR:—Mr. Wm. H. Weeks, of Hartford, Conn., delivered an excellent address to the deaf-mutes of this city, Sunday, March 23d.

In the afternoon a written statement was handed to Mr. Weeks by Mr. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., which reflected very severely upon the mutes here, for being discontented. The mutes were very much offended at such proceedings, and now, dear Editor, let us say a few words through your columns. In the first place, the mutes here are not discontented without good and sufficient reasons. Mr. Tillinghast and Mr. Holmes wish to be the two *great moguls*, to rule and govern all the mutes with a rod of iron and without any sense or reason. They are arbitrary and overbearing towards us; we cannot and *will* not submit meekly to any such treatment. It would be well for all the mutes if these two men were removed from all official connection with our organization here, which is the earnest desire, of almost all of us.

I once read in your paper that Mr. Holmes had only one agent for his society. Now we all know here that is a false statement. There are two agents to our certain knowledge.

MORE ANON.

THE REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S VISIT TO THE SOUTH.

DEAR MR. RIDER:—Will you kindly favor me by inserting the accompanying communication which I cut from *The Churchman* of a recent date?

Yours, A. W. MANN.

24 Williams street, Cleveland, April 7, 1879.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Allow me, as the general manager of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, to report a recent journey undertaken in its interests, the principal object of which was to introduce Mr. Job Turner to the clergy laity of the Southern States, and to prepare the way for his becoming an itinerant missionary among the deaf-mutes of that portion of our country.

In our extended trip of six weeks and a half Mr. Turner and I visited ten institutions for deaf-mutes, some of them having departments for the blind. We had opportunities of consulting with Bishop Whittle in Richmond, Bishop Beckwith in Atlanta, Bishop Wilmer at Spring Hill, near Mobile, and Bishop Atkinson in Wilmington. At the institutions we had short services in the chapels, at which we made addresses in the sign-language to the pupils. At the churches the services (many of them being attended by the pupils of the institutions) were read by the rectors and others assisting them, I myself interpreting in signs for the deaf mutes. Mr. Turner made short addresses in the sign language, which I interpreted orally for the hearing persons. I addressed the congregations also in relation to the education of deaf-mutes, explained and illustrated the sign language, and gave some account of the beginning and extension of Church work among deaf-mutes, from the small Bible-class formed in the vestry-room of old St. Stephen's church, New York, when the Rev. Dr. Price was the rector, up to the organization of St. Ann's church for deaf-mutes and their friends, and the incorporation of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, with its Home for the Aged and Infirm. I also commended Mr. Turner to the sympathies, prayers, and support of his brethren of the Southern States in the important mission to which he had consecrated himself. In all my addresses I gave prominence to the superior advantages of the Book of Common Prayer. After deaf-mutes have acquired a knowledge of the English language they can worship intelligently in any of our congregations, provided some kind-hearted persons will take the trouble to show them the places in the Prayer Book and the lessons in the Bible. Of course, services and sermons in the sign-language are of special interest to deaf-mutes, arousing their consciences and wills, and encouraging them to persevere in the Christian life. But such services are, for the present, only practicable in the larger cities. Deaf-mutes, in taking steps forward in the positive institutions of the Church of Christ, are greatly assisted by the offices for baptism, confirmation, and the Holy Communion. Deaf-mutes cannot join in extemporaneous worship. Their relatives and friends of the various religious bodies around us see that they will be greatly benefited by attending Divine worship in the services which are directed by the Book of Common Prayer.

During our whole journey Mr. Turner and I were treated with the greatest hospitality, for which we return our hearty thanks. We were able to meet all our appointments promptly, and had no drawbacks of any kind.

T. GALLAUDET.

9 West Eighteenth St. New York.

FASHION NOTES.

—Scoop bonnets are worn.

—Side Satchels are *de rigeuer*.

—Skirts are beautifully short.

—Poke bonnets are fashionable.

—Jabots grow longer and longer.

—Marie Antoinette styles are revived.

—The Trianon is the coming polonaise.

—Shoulder capes are again fashionable.

—Basque polonaises will be much worn.

—English round hats have larger crowns.

—Turbans are worn both in and out doors.

—Novelties in side satchels are in demand.

—Breton is the lace of the passing moment.

—Large bonnets are preferred to small ones.

—The short skirt is as short behind at before.

—Breton lace jabots and scarfs are all the rage.

—The latest shade of red is the Prince of Wales.

—Both high and low turban caps are fashionable.

—Black chip is the favorite bonnet for all occasions.

—The square chuddah is the favorite breakfast shawl.

—Bengaline is one of the French dress novelty fabrics.

—Shirring is very fashionable on all summer garments.

—Reed green is a new shade of this popular spring color.

—Skirts of short dresses retain their narrow dimensions.

—Trains and demi-trains are no longer seen in the street.

—Gold and gilt trimmings are as vulgarly fashionable as ever.

WHAT SETTLED HIM.—A genuine Yankee in San Francisco having bored a new-comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family.

"Yes sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

After this reply the couple sat a few minutes in silence, then the interrogator again commenced:

"Was you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another interval of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York, and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir, I so stated it."

Another and a long pause. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why one of them was born after I left."

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

APRIL 20th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 20th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XLIII.

2d Lesson—Acts I.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Easter.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 20th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Isaiah XLVIII.

2d Lesson—1. Corinthians XV.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Easter.

AN IMPRESSIVE SERVICE.

[*Lynchburg Daily Virginian, April 1st.*]

The services at St. Paul's church Sunday night were very impressive and interesting, and were attended by a very large congregation.—Professor Turner was present and accompanied the services as read by the rector and Mr. Gray with sign interpretations for the benefit of deaf-mutes. The sermon, which was written by Mr. Turner, was read by Mr. Carson in fragments and then explained by Mr. Turner by signs. The subject was the love of God and the duty of His creatures to love Him. The concluding part was an appeal for "the children of silence" that sympathy and comfort might be extended to them, a few of whom were present and seemed to enjoy the service. Mr. Turner is exceedingly graceful and impressive in the use of the signs. He is acting as evangelist for the mission for deaf-mutes located in New York city, of whom there are some two thousand connected with the mission. There are about thirty thousand in the United States.

Mr. Turner is a candidate for orders in the church and will be ordained by Bishop Whittle before long. His visits will be a blessing to the afflicted class for whom he is laboring, wherever he may go. He was for thirty-five years connected with the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Staunton.

THE LATE MADAME BONAPARTE.

Madame Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte died at Baltimore, April 4th, aged ninety-four years. The New York *Sun*, in an editorial sums up the history of this remarkable woman as follows:—"The death at Baltimore of Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte removes a venerable lady whose life was one of extraordinary interest, and whose strength and peculiarities of character, apart from the romances and accidents of her career, would have made her a noteworthy member of society. She was also remarkable for the great age to which she attained, ninety-four years, and for the vigor of body and mind she preserved until within a few months of her death.

Her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte, which made her a conspicuous and interesting character for more than fifty years, was one of the important social events of the early part of the century. Though her weak and time-serving, if not villainous husband, at the bidding of his imperial brother, discarded his American wife and formed a bigamous union with a German princess, Mrs. Bonaparte clung to the name to which she was entitled, and had all the pride and ambition of a reigning family and the mother of a Prince.

Jerome Bonaparte came to the United States in 1803 as the commander of a French frigate, and Napoleon being then First Consul, his brother was sure of receiving the most marked social attentions at a time when even less distinguished foreigners than he rarely visited the new republic. In Baltimore he met and speedily won Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a beautiful girl, the daughter of William Patterson, a rich and leading merchant of that city, which then was remarkable as it is now for its lovely maidens. The pair were married in December of the same year by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore; the marriage contract was carefully drawn, and in both a legal and ecclesiastical sense it was a matrimonial union as binding as that of the Duke of Connaught the other day. Mrs. Bonaparte was both fond and proud of her husband, and he seems to have been much attached to her. His affection, however, was not strong or lasting enough to make him stand by his wife in the face of the violent opposition of Napoleon to the match. The Emperor would not allow her to set her foot on French soil, so when the pair went to Europe in 1805 Jerome, leaving his bride outside of France, proceed to Malmaison with the avowed purpose of mollifying Napoleon. He never returned to her, however, and in July she gave birth to a son at Camberwell, in England, while two years after, in spite of the refusal of Pius VII. to sanction the union, he was married to the Princess Fredrica Catharina of Wurtemberg.

Mrs. Bonaparte's subsequent efforts to obtain legal recognition of her marriage in France were all failures, owing undoubtedly to imperial pressure; but during Lewis Napoleon's time the legitimacy of her son was acknowledged, and her grandson, Jerome Napoleon, who crossed the ocean to attend her in her last illness, received a commission in the French army after having prepared himself at West Point for a military career. Another grandson, Charles Joseph, was graduated at Harvard, is now practising law in Baltimore. Unquestionably these descendents of Jerome by his American wife are the rightful heirs of the great Napoleon.

HE WAS DEAF AND DUMB.

[*From the Leavenworth Appeal.*]

At this season of the year, when the miniature wren has taken up his abode among the shady trees in the land of the magnolia and the place made famous for returning boards, it is that a certain class of the peregrinating tramp printer suddenly pounces down eagle-like, as it were, upon his fellows—the disciples of Faust and Guttenberg, and causes them one and all to believe that he has become, while roaming through the canyons of Arizona, or hunting grizzly bears in the Rocky Mountains, actually as deaf and dumb as the Cardiff Giant.

Thus it was with "Black Hills" McKenzie, who within the past two weeks has played his game upon the citizens of our sister city of Platte: Upon entering the office one day last week, and inquiring how business was, we were informed that there was a deaf and dumb man up stairs, who had been there for several days, and had succeeded in getting no work, but the kind hearted, benevolent sheriff of the county had taken pity on this poor "foot ball of fortune," and stood "solid" for his board, while in the town. This gentleman, as all other dead beats, who thus play his part (?) through the country, we think, for the benefit of the craft, ought to receive a notice from the press all over the country. His real name is J. M. McKenzie. He is about 50 years of age, wears a suit of dark blue, Scotch cap, and his nativity is of Scotch extraction. He talks like a Wisconsin wind mill in a hail storm. Has been all over the world thirteen times and a portion of China, and is now on the direct road to the penitentiary.

Pass him along and confer a favor on the craft.

Attempts to Make a Raise by Playing the Deaf and Dumb Dodge.

On the 19th inst., at Richmond, Wayne Co, Ind., Marshal Shofer noticed a man at the depot who claimed that he was deaf and dumb, and was endeavoring to work upon the sympathy of several persons by representing that he was in a destitute condition, the consequence of recent sickness. The marshal observed his movements for some time, and concluding that he was a fraud, went to where he was standing and was handed a statement to read. After perusing it, the marshal wrote on the man's slate, "I think you are a fraud, and I shall arrest you if you do not leave town instanter." The chap motioned that he would get, and the marshal went away. About noon the marshal heard that a deaf and dumb man, very drunk, was going from house to house on Sixth street begging. Satisfied that it was the chap he saw at the depot, he hurried to the locality indicated, and caught him as he was coming out of a yard. As soon as the marshal laid hands on him the chap found tongue, and said: "I know you, Lew; for God's sake take all the money I have and let me go. I will leave town instanter, and not attempt to play the dummy dodge here again." He was told to come along and the matter would be talked about after arriving at the station-house. The following is the appeal he presented to those from whom he solicited alms, *verbatim:*

"I am deprived of speach and hearing, and far from home and hav bin sick and am not able to work I was taken sick in New Castal and it took all my money to pay my boar.d and doctor's bill. Will you please help me. I was shot in the neck at Mishion Ridg, and I lost my speech and hear.ng."

The man gave his name as William Smith, but his correct name is Noah Vick, and he is connected with a family well known here for crookedness a few years since.—*Ex.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Spanish Cream.—One ounce gelatine, three pints of milk, six eggs, eight teaspoonfuls of sugar; cook the gelatine one hour in milk, then when it comes to a boil beat the yolks of the eggs with the sugar and stir in; let it simmer; then take off the fire, and pour over it the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth; flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Lemon Mince-meat.—Take one large lemon, three large apples, four ounces beef suet, one-half pound currants, one-half pound stoned raisins, four ounces white sugar, one ounce candied orange and citron; chop up the apples and beef suet; mix them with the fruit and sugar; then squeeze the juice from a large lemon into a cup; add a glass of sherry; well mix the whole; it is fit for immediate use.

Puff Paste.—Rub half a pound of fresh butter into a pound and a half of flour, and a little water, and make a moderately stiff paste; work it well together, roll it out thin, put some bits of butter on it, dredge it with flour, and double it up again. Repeat this operation three times, using three-quarters of a pound more butter. When done, put the paste by for half an hour.

Beefsteak a la Mode.—Cut the steak in strips; put them in layers in a dish; between each layer put bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt. Bake for one-half hour, and when ready to serve pour over them a rich gravy made of one pint of beef gravy, thickened with one table-spoonful of butter, rolled in one table-spoon of browned flour, and serve. Spices can be added, if agreeable to taste.

Beef Tea (in haste).—Use one pound of beef and one pint of water; with a sharp knife scrape the beef into fibers; this should be done on a board. Place the scraped meat into a delicately clean saucepan, and pour one-half pint of boiling water over it; cover closely and set by the side of the fire for ten minutes, strain into a tea cup, place it in a basin of ice-cold water, remove all fat from the surface, pour into a warmed cup and put in another basin of hot water; warm again and serve.

—William Lord, for many years a director of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad company, died in Watertown last week, at the advanced age of 88. He was well-known throughout Northern and Central New York, and was a man of high standing.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. 41-1y.

☞A teacher in one of the public schools of Springfield, Mass., was startled the other day at the answer she got from one bright little fellow. On the blackboard was the picture of an ostrich, and the teacher described its great strength and power of endurance, closing by saying it was the only bird upon which a man could ride. "I know another," spoke up a little chap. "Well, what is it?" "A lark." Unsuspectingly, the teacher asked, "How can you prove that, Johnny?" "All I know about it," said the boy, "is that mother every little while says father's off on a lark, and when he comes home he looks as if he had rode awful fast."

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If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills alternated with hot flushes, low spirits, and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from **Torpid Liver,** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases of **"Liver Complaint"** only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect and radical cures.

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CATARRH

SYMPTOMS.—Frequent headache, discharge falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, thick mucous, purulent, offensive, etc. In others, a dryness, dry, scaly crusts, or inflamed eyes, stopping up, or obstruction, of the nasal passages, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, offensive breath, impaired voice, a tired nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired or total deprivation of sense of smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, loss of appetite, indigestion, enlarged tonsils, hacking cough, etc. Only a few of these symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

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produces radical cures of the worst cases of Catarrh, no matter of how long standing. The liquid remedy may be snuffed, or better applied by the use of Dr. PIERCE'S Douche. This is the only form of instrument yet invented with which fluid medicine can be carried HIGH UP and PERFECTLY APPLIED to all parts of the affected nasal passages, and the chambers or cavities communicating therewith, in which sores and ulcers frequently exist, and from which the catarrhal discharge generally proceeds. Its use is pleasant and easily understood, from directions accompanying each instrument. Dr. SAGE'S Catarrh Remedy cures recent attacks of "Cold in the Head" by a few applications. It is mild and pleasant to use, containing no strong or caustic drugs or poisons. Catarrh Remedy and Douche sold by druggists. R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Prop'r, World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.

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